TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

LT. COL. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT, President of the Canadian Military Institute, is by word and pen endeavoring to lift Canada into a condition of mind where her people will go out and emulate Switzerland, Argentina and other countries by placing some 500,000 or 600,000 men in military service. There is no blame attached to Col. Merritt. Soldiering is his business, and the more soldiers the more business, from his point of view. As for most of the rest of us, however, we don't want any more soldiers for there is no one to fight. The fewer the better, for those who are not soldiers must pay the bills. That's the rub. If a soldier paid his own way there would be no possible objection, but when it comes to supporting him, paying for the necessities and the tinsels of soldier life, none can be found to undertake the contract.

I have before me a long paper by Col. Merritt, entitled "Patriotic Military Service," which he introduces by quoting "a high military authority" who says that in ten years' time we will not need any militia because we will be under the Stars and Stripes. That's an excellent start. Next, the Colonel quotes all the annexation-military balderdash that has been printed in the country for the past twenty years or more, the substance of which is that the United States is going to start in and lick us when Great Britain isn't looking. Then comes quotations from the jingo speeches made in the United States under a recent administration in which there was an endeavor to show the necessity of a large army for the protection of the Monroe doctrine and for other reasons too numerous to mention, but in none of them has Canada any particular concern.

In all this Lt.-Col. Merritt is trying to show that we, here in Canada, require a military system such as now exists in Switzerland. Just why we want it, I can't make out. The Colonel talks of a universal compulsory system and conscription, both of which in this land and on this North American continent are unthinkable. If any one desires to soldier under the present volunteer system, or any other reasonable volunteer system of a few days' training per year, an outing now and again, and all the rest that goes to make up the soldier hours of the volunteer, by all means let them do it. There can be no possible objection, but when it comes to making an armed camp of Canada, for even a brief period each year, there is an objection, and the majority of people in Canada would not for one moment countenance it.

We are not living in Switzerland, and we are not surrounded by enemies who gaze with covetous eyes upon our possessions. We don't wake up every other morning with a North American war cloud in the air, nor are we the bulwark between nations that think often of war and seldom of peace.

Canada now spends some six and three-quarter million dollars annually for its military, and there are those who say that the money is not well expended. Probably not, for we hear more than vague rumors of the incompetence of those at the head of the Militia Department. Switzerland gets 280,000 soldiers (on a peace footing) for what we pay for 59,000, but Switzerland has compulsory military training, and no doubt soldiering comes cheaper in the Alps than it does on the Canadian prairie.

Let us be quite frank on the subject of arming our citizens, of creating a really effective field force of say a half million men by conscription or compulsory military training. The whole object of such a force would be to ward off possible aggression by the United States of America, or if we got mad enough, invade them—a half million men against a possible four or five million, spread along a boundary of over three thousand miles. That looks promising.

Following along this same line of reasoning let us then abrogate the treaty which now permits us but one little gunboat on the Great Lakes, and build in its stead an inland navy with which we can bombard Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and the rest of the American cities. If we want an army for the defence of our acres against the United States we surely want a navy for the defence of our waters. This disarmament treaty has stood us in pretty good stead for the better part of a century, but what of that? No doubt we have among us ambitious naval men who would be only too anxious to promote a fine big inland navy. Then, again, it would be such a fruitful topic of conversation when we journeyed over to Buffalo to see our friends or do a little business. We could tell them that, tied up in Toronto harbor and other points on the Canadian side, we had a navy that could knock the spots out of their boats. It would promote good feeling to tell the people of Cleveland and Chicago we had ten inch guns on those vessels capable of reducing their cities to scrap in less time than it takes to tell it. No doubt our prospective customers would enjoy the joke immensely.

Military despotism, under the cloak of "patriotic military service" will in any event find little popular support in Canada.

In place of conscription which Lt.-Col. Merritt favors let us organize a Canadian branch of the Association for International Conciliation which came into being some two years ago in the United States and which is said to be doing there much quiet and effective work for the promotion of good feeling among the nations of the earth.

If $10,000 per year from Lord Strathcona is going to turn Canada into a military camp, then let's send it back and have it donated toward the expenses of the next Peace Congress.

* * *

HOW slavishly dependent we are upon latter day contrivances and inventions is only realized when one of these labor and time saving utilities slips a cog. A lightning flash, something gives way and without a moment's warning we find ourselves without means, other than our own pedal extremities, of getting from our homes to our offices. Or again it may be the gas main that fails to stick to business, and being dependent upon this bad smelling but very necessary stuff for cooking purposes, we likely as not go dinnerless to bed. If the telephone and telegraph wires go wrong, as they did through a section of the country last winter, we find ourselves cut off from the outside world, and business through lack of rapid communication is paralyzed and at a standstill.

Through the misbehaviour of Niagara the other day a large section of country was threatened with a power famine, while Montreal late last week went through the experience of a gas famine. Owing to the breaking of a main the city was for some hours without gas, and it is safe to say that up to that time few realized what an important element in the economy of a large city this evil smelling mixture had become. Not only were thousands of householders (particularly those who reside in flats or apartments) without means of cooking, but some of the restaurants had to go out of business temporarily, and people went hungry. Again, many large factories had to shut down, and even the newspapers had difficulty getting out their regular editions, for the modern linotype must have gas to heat its metal, and the papers had to hark back to the old style of setting type by hand, a painfully slow and unsatisfactory process as compared with the work of the type setting machine.

In the old days the shutting off of the gas during daytime would have been a very trifling inconvenience, but now modern methods have introduced the gas stove, the gas engine and the dozens of other contrivances. We move along even more quickly than we imagine, but it takes a set-back of some sort, a break from the even tenor of our ways, to make us realize it.

* * *

"OCCASIONALLY a spirited rocketer flies high out of a hedge row and is hard to hit, but the fluttering hens are tame enough to run up to the sportsman as though they were expecting to be fed * * * birds are driven over the butts half a dozen times during the day to be shot by rapid firers * * * beaters advance noisily through the heather toward the shooters, who with their loaders are concealed in couples * * * the marksmen wait until the frightened grouse are overhead and fire before they have passed * * * a thousand brace of grouse are shot in a day and before the season ends as many as seventeen thousand may be registered from a single estate."

In printing the above paragraphs chosen at random from an article in the current number of The Outing Magazine, I have no intention of offending the finer sensibilities by introducing a treatise on the butchering business, but on the other hand would strongly recommend the article in its entirety (evidently written by an expert) to all wishing to become conversant with what the elite of Europe have designated as "sport." Over here we would call it by another name, but first allow me to amplify the extracts somewhat. The article goes on to say: "When the arrangements are unscientific and these luxurious birds are pampered with hard-boiled eggs, custard canary seed and spiced foods * * *"

With this trifling explanation it is easily seen why the fluttering hens are tame enough to run up to the "sportsman" as though they expected to be fed.

Following is another extract which I am sure any sportsman will enjoy: "The partridges are harried and worn out until they rise with a whirring rush on the edge of the turnip fields and are shot. In Yorkshire the improved practice is for beaters on foot or mounted to move in zigzags through the fields with flankers to turn the birds back when they attempt to break out, while the shooters remain concealed behind hedges or in butts of turf, where they can fire at them when they have ceased to run and are well in the air."

Of course these "sportsmen" drive to the scenes of slaughter in motor cars, and are back in time to dress for dinner, after which, no doubt, they recount over port, cigars and whiskey the stories of their triumphs in the field.

Here in Canada if an acquaintance should pick up his double-barrelled shot gun, load himself down with shells and hie away to the nearest barnyard or pigeon loft, there to blaze away until the steel barrels were hot and the ground strewn with dead and dying birds of varying plumage we would in all likelihood notify the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and have him arrested and fined or better yet sent to jail for thirty days. But in England they do things differently.

Another paragraph in the same article which is likely to attract some attention is as follows:

"The principal estates have been kept together until one-fourth of the area of Scotland is owned by fourteen landlords, and one third of the Highlands and Lowlands is the pleasure ground of the Peerage."

Imagine if you can a parallel condition of affairs in the Province of Ontario. We hesitate and shake our heads when the Whitney Government offers McKenzie and Mann two million acres of wild and as yet unproductive land in consideration of railway building, but over there in Scotland one-third of a country is set aside as the "pleasure ground of the Peerage."

Where will it end? That's what I'm driving at. Life and the world has few seats for idle spectators. It is said that all values are created by the productive activity of capital, labor and ability, and that no wealth comes out of nothing. On the other hand all wealth must be produced and distributed, and what one gets by indirection another loses or fails to get, in other words they are the fruits of robbery. What are these tens of thousands and millions of acres producing over there in England, Scotland and Wales? So far as I can see they produce little save a race of idle, pleasure loving butchers, while the common men of England, keep on toiling and starving, and between times call for the heads of the members of the House of Lords.

In the eyes of the European we are over here a rather rough, uncouth lot, but when we hunt we don't shoot tame birds and tame deer and tame bear. The animal and the bird usually gets some chance for life. We toe the mark with them. We start fair. We don't feed them out of our hand one minute and shoot them down the next. No. We have yet something to learn in our civilization, and may we be a long time acquiring it.

* * *

THAT wheat has gone up to an almost unprecedented figure one may gather from the financial and commercial columns of the daily papers and also from the household bills, but whether this man Jim Patten, who it is said cleaned up four or five million dollars by this advance, and who is now strutting around Chicago, should be in jail or not as the result of unduly enhancing the prices of one of the first necessities of life, is not so clear. Mr. Patten claims, of course, that wheat would have advanced anyhow; that he was shrewd enough to see it before the other fellow and so had the advantage. The question is a debatable one. By corners and gambling in the Chicago pit, wheat has before now been advanced out of all proportion to what it was really worth, or rather would have been worth had the normal supply and demand governed prices rather than the gambler. Gambling in mining and railway stocks is bad enough, but ordinarily these little games don't injure the entire community. In the matter of a commodity like wheat, however, the case is very different. Commissions are appointed covering most everything these days. How would one fit in with this man Patten's career in the Chicago wheat pit?

* * *

SOME folks are not above poisoning other folks in order to add a few dirty dollars to their coffers. The seizure of decayed meats and rotten fish by the health authorities of different Canadian centres is a matter of common occurrence. Only the other day the health officers of Montreal seized 25,000 tins of rotten meat, which had already been condemned in one place and had been shipped on to Montreal in the hope of disposing of it there. The same officials months ago seized many thousand tins of salmon fit only for the dump; and so far no one has been brought before the courts for either offense. Probably the perpetrators of these crimes figure that because Montreal has a city government much resembling a scavenging plant, and streets that for the most part reflect the capacity of the City Council, they are open to any old thing in the way of eatables. The selling of condemned foods, or foods that should be condemned, and placed on the dump, is altogether a too common practice in Canada, and indicates that our food inspection laws badly require remodeling.

* * *

HAD Dr. Grenfell taken a text for his quiet little talk before the members of the Toronto Press Club the other night it would, in all probability, have been "The Philosophy of Work." However, it was not a sermon. This sailor-doctor, who, if he desired, might live the life of an English gentleman, but who chooses rather to spend his days among the sailor folk of dreary Labrador, told in the simplest language of what he has been able to accomplish with the help of other men. All this was done without a suspicion of egotism, for Dr. Grenfell is an unspoiled man. A great man, but one untainted by popularity.

Dr. Grenfell is not an orator. There were no specially well turned sentences; no reaching after effect; no tales which bore evidence of having been lugged in by the heels. Newspaper men have a surfeit of what popularly passes as oratory. They hear it all their working days. They hear it in the House of Commons; on the hustings, in the churches, in the courts; they hear it everywhere, but there is precious little of it worth retaining beyond the hurried scribbles in the note book. Newspaper men know instinctively when it is given them to hear the 18K variety. It is the result of long training. They have learned to tell the false from the true, the real from the unreal. This is the reason why fifty or more writers sat before Dr. Grenfell the other night without batting an eyelid, without shuffling a foot, and when the doctor had said the last word were no laggards in their applause.

That he believes in the philosophy of work and lives up to his ideals as well as man may, is shown in his clear eye and by his graceful, well set figure. Grenfell is doctor, magistrate, missionary and sailor man on his Labrador coast. He works without pay, giving all there is in him, and this is much, for he is a skilled surgeon and physician and a missionary who has no time for dogma and higher criticism. As for his skill and capacity as magistrate and sailor I'd take a chance. More than this, however, those associated with him work mostly without pay, and for fear the newly appointed volunteer should fall down on the job he is asked to put up a deposit. Thus, under no circumstances can the newly arrived become a load upon the colony and the work.

"What are your qualifications?" he asked the raw recruit who was lean, lank, and wore an eye glass.

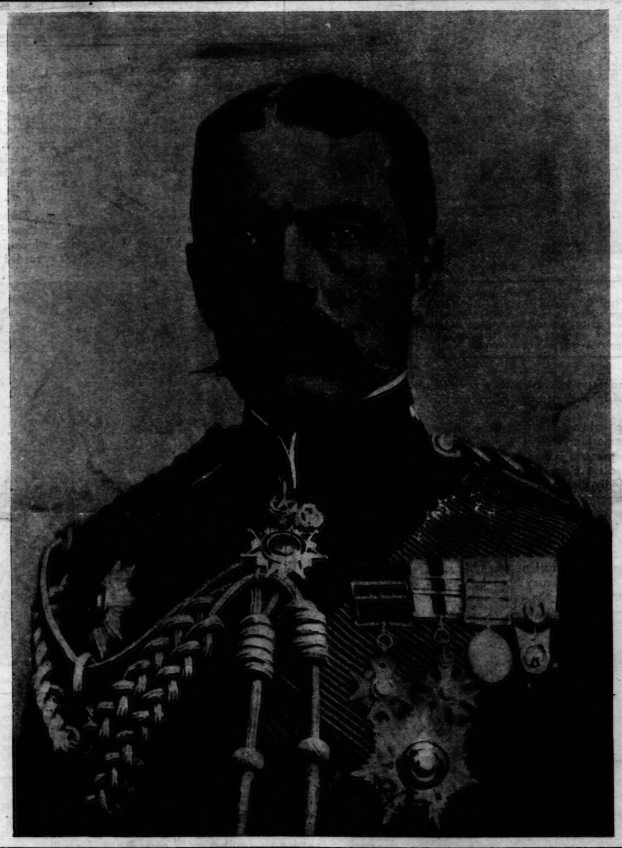
"I have taken degrees in philosophy, and I'm a Presbyterian," said the man who came from Princeton.

"Won't do," said the doctor. "We have a little home made philosophy up here, and that's all we require. Can you do anything else?"

"I am something of an amateur plumber," said the man, with some hesitation.

"And now," said the doctor," he is wiping good Presbyterian joints for us."

Dr. Grenfell has under his care eight co-operative stores, and these stores are preaching, he says, right straight through the working day. Here is Christianity with its coat off, and sleeves bared to the elbows. Dr.



KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

IT IS ANNOUNCED THAT LORD KITCHENER UPON GIVING UP HIS COMMAND IN INDIA WILL VISIT THE FAR EAST AND WILL PROCEED BACK TO ENGLAND VIA CANADA.

Grenfell has sat at the feet of priest and parson. He loves to work, because he says that work brings happiness and rest and mental comfort, all of which can be attained in no other way. For twenty-five years he has done this work, and if he had those twenty-five years ahead instead of back of him he would do these self-assigned tasks right over again.

This surgeon missionary is a big man, not in frame, but in mind and accomplishments. He has grasped great questions by the handle; he has got a firm hold; he talks modestly, and what he does counts.

***

THE editor of the Canadian Mining Journal in the current number of that publication gets after the mining fakir and a journal which promoted his works, and through its columns allows him to live on and fleece the public. The particular man whom the editor is after is one Julian Hawthorne, whose occupation is, or was, magazine writing, but who, it appears, shunted his talent for romantic literature into the realms of Cobalt and Gowganda. The terms addressed to Julian son of the great Nathaniel Hawthorne, by the Mining Journal, can all be distinguished in the dictionary. What they think of a well known Toronto journal, said journal having aided Julian in landing a lot of suckers, is also found in the same valuable book of reference. The chief difficulty is these warnings come too late for some poor devil has in the interval parted with his money. He may abuse Hawthorne and the rest of the ilk at the top of his voice, but that does not bring back good dollars thrown away on some shady proposition. Perhaps some one may inaugurate a mining guarantee company. It would help some.

***

WILL Sunday saloons increase or decrease drinking on that day? This is not a Toronto problem or a Canadian problem, but one which New York city is endeavoring to fathom at the present moment. The bill to legalize Sunday opening in Brooklyn, between the hours of 1 and 11 p.m., is fathered by the "Committee of Fourteen," an organization for the suppression of vice, of which the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters is chairman. The tight shut bar-room, such as we have in Toronto, is unknown in the city of New York, and it has been further demonstrated that it is impossible to close these bar-rooms; that the present system serves to corrupt the police and opens up a lot of "back room" business which has most pernicious tendencies. Years ago an addle-headed but well intentioned man named Raines fathered a bill through the New York Legislature, the outcome being the present "Raines-law hotels." Raines' intentions were good. He meant to close up saloons on Sunday, but blundered dismally.

The net result was that dives took the place of bar-rooms and the Raines sandwich meal became a joke. In defence of the present bill Rev. Dr. Peters says: "If this bill should become a law we feel sure that because of the heavy penalties imposed for a violation, and the relatively small advantage to be had in view of the liberal opening provision, the liquor dealers will be slow to risk the dangers of imprisonment or the loss of their licenses. We believe that the law would result in an actual decrease of Sunday sales. We would, of course, prefer to see the saloons all shut up tight from Saturday night until Monday morning, but realization of the impossibility of such a move in this city has led us to take the step we have."

This is interesting if only to show to what extremes bad government has driven the great city of New York. The fault rests unquestionably with the politician. The ward heeler must be paid, and so must all the rest of the corrupt group, and the saloon doing an illegal business is the surest and easiest source of revenue. The state of New York is a fine bit of territory, but there are some things connected with it which we need not envy them.

THE COLONEL.

A Painter of Indians

THERE are paintings which are interesting as works of art, and others whose interest lies in their subject. The pictures recently exhibited in the Canadian Art Gallery by Mr. Edmund Morris possess both claims on public attention. They are a series of portraits of the most prominent living redmen in Canada, and both as pieces of portraiture and as the finest possible souvenirs of a race which will soon be no more than a tradition, they deserve every consideration. The pictures are fifty-five in number, and represent an activty of three years on the part of the painter. To get them Mr. Morris had to travel over the greater part of Western Canada and visit the old chiefs in their haunts, which were generally very far removed from the course of ordinary travel. Furthermore, even when he found his quarry it was not always easy to capture it. The old-style Indian is often a shy sort of game, and does not always take kindly to the camera or the artist's canvas. It was, therefore, sometimes a matter of extreme difficulty to get him to consent to have his picture taken, and even when his consent had been obtained the work had to be done in short order, lest his small stock of patience should be used up. In the case of "Iron Shield," the old Blackfoot chief, Mr. Morris tells how the sturdy old warrior made him work all through two days till his fingers became cramped from the unremitting toil. But he did not dare to ask for a rest, in case the chief would refuse to sit for him again. In fact, he had tremendous difficulty in getting "Iron Shield's" consent, and had been warned by all whom he approached in the matter that he would never succeed in getting the veteran warrior to sit for him.

(Copyrighted.)

JOE HEALEY.
His Indian name is Potina and he belongs to the Bloods, a tribe of the Blackfoot Confederacy. But he was educated by Healey, the Yukon trader, who was a friend of his father. Unlike the rest of the older Indians he speaks English.

It is only fair to Mr. Morris to explain the difficulties under which he worked, in order that there will be the greater appreciation of the real success he has achieved. For portraits made under all kinds of conditions of light and surroundings, and from all kinds of sitters—some of them the most difficult of subjects—these pictures are distinguished by unusual vigor and unmistakeable truthfulness. It may be objected that they are sometimes a little stiff. But this defect was almost inevitable from the circumstances under which they were painted; and it is lost sight of in view of the other and valuable qualities of the work.

(Copyrighted.)

"MAN STANDING ABOVE GROUND."
He belongs to the Sakimay Band of Saulteaux in Saskatchewan, and his Indian name is Acoose. He is now sixty-one, but was once regarded as the best runner on the plains. His son, Acoose, is to run Appleby, the English runner.

The evident truthfulness of these pictures is their most important feature to the layman. It is as portraits of the greatest living redmen in Canada that they have the greatest claim on public attention. The old chiefs are rapidly disappearing, and soon they will be no more than items in the records of their tribes. Nor are they leaving any successors behind. It is a case of "after them the deluge." The new race of Indians which is coming up are either farmers without a thought beyond their crops and the weather, or ne'er-do-wells, equally heedless of the ancient romantic glories of their race. These old chiefs may thus be rightly regarded as the sole survivors of the great race of redmen in Canada.

(Copyrighted.)

ANTOINE HOKE.
He is a "medicine man" of the Sioux, who crossed over from the States into Canada at the time of the Minnesota massacre and again later under the command of Sitting Bull. Hoke is now very old and blind, but still has great influence amongst his people.

It is true that even they do not compare with the ancient war-chiefs, or even with such recent leaders as Sitting Bull or Red Cloud. But though not so great they belong to the same class of Indians. They have all known service on the war-path, and they have all given proofs of their valor and discretion. In fact, the catalogue which Mr. Morris prepared for his exhibition and which tells something about each of the Indians painted, contains some striking tales of adventure. Take, for instance, the story of "Night Bird," Nepahpenais, a chief of the Saulteaux, who at the age of eighteen, went on the war-path against the Sioux, and who took part in seven pitched battles. Once, when fighting against the Sioux in Dakota his party of forty-six braves was surrounded by seven hundred of the enemy. But even against these overwhelming odds they held out bravely for two days and finally managed to make their escape.

These pictures by Mr. Morris are almost all head-and-shoulder portraits, and are just about life-size. They are painted with great simplicity and directness, and with a very evident understanding of the necessity of keeping strictly to the truth. The portraits are thus almost photographic in their fidelity, while at the same time possessing the greater vividness and life of paintings. They bring the old chiefs before the spectator robed in all their barbaric magnificence, with feathers and ropes of beads galore, and the effect is often very impressive and always interesting. The whole collection is a superb index to the different tribes of the West, showing their various characteristics as exemplified in their most distinguished and most typical members.

(Copyrighted.)

HEAD CHIEF "IRON SHIELD."
This grand old Blackfoot was made a chief by his tribe when quite a young man. Later on he was named chief of the south part of the Reserve by the Government, but he is regarded by his people and himself as chief of all. He is fifty-six years old, and is related to the famous Crow Foot.

For these reasons it would be altogether too bad to allow the collection to be broken up. Already the Ontario Government owns thirty-five of the pictures, and there would seem to be every reason in the world for their obtaining possession of the remaining twenty. These pictures contain a great deal of the most interesting information for the general Canadian public, which is naturally curious about the great race which preceded them in the ownership of this country, and which is rapidly disappearing from the land. In a few years they will have almost altogether lost their ancient characteristics, and such a collection of portraits as this will be an absolute impossibility to obtain. The value of these pictures by Mr. Morris will, therefore, go on increasing, according as they become more and more impossible to duplicate and according as the state of things they chronicle becomes more and more remote. Their public interest will, therefore, grow, and they should consequently be placed where the public can most readily get at them. The Provincial Gallery would seem to be a fitting place, and as it already contains thirty-five of them, steps should be taken to acquire the remaining twenty. In this way the collection will be kept together, and a series of valuable documents will be held for posterity.

(Copyrighted.)

CHIEF "BULL PLUME."
Though a Blackfoot by birth, he was adopted by the Piegans at a very early age, and has since risen to be their chief. He was born in the country of the Bow River fifty-two years ago, and has been on the war-path against the Crees and the Crows. His Indian name is Stumiksiapo.

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"SPRING MAN."
He is a Cree, of the Duck Lake region, and took part with the Half-breeds in the Rebellion. He now leads the solitary life of a hunter.

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

Montreal, April 21, 1909.

THE Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, has been fortunate in many things and in none more so than in its recent selection of its official head. The acceptance by Mr. E. B. Greenshields, of the presidency of the Corporation, was certainly an event upon which the shareholders had every reason to congratulate themselves. It is not enough that a company possesses properties which are all they are represented to be, or that it has excellent prospects, or that its earnings are good and are likely to continue good; it is also necessary that these earnings be handled ably and honestly—with the emphasis on the honestly. This latter remark will appeal more particularly to those unfortunate shareholders of stocks controlled by gum-shoe directorates which, taking advantage of their positions of trust, have not scrupled to manipulate dividends and stock markets to the utter undoing of those who were not able to ride out the gale. Verily the choice between directors who are honest but incapable, and those who are dishonest though capable, is a hard one. The Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, fortunately, was not limited to such a choice.

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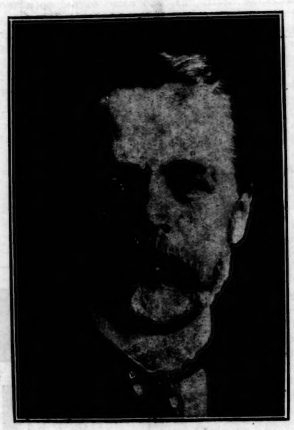
Greenshields the Man.—Mr. Greenshields is a man who in almost any group of men would be marked because of the diversity of his knowledge and attainments. He is at the head of one of the greatest wholesale dry-goods houses in Canada, a position which he could not long maintain were he not possessed of much capacity in commercial direction. As a director of the Bank of Montreal, he has attained to the blue ribbon honor of Canadian finance, an honor which is not given to men of whose financial capacity there is any question. Some years ago he occupied what many consider the highest gift in the commercial life of Canada, namely, the presidency of the Montreal Board of Trade. While in that position, the institution reached its fiftieth anniversary and Mr. Greenshields took occasion to have published one of the finest and most comprehensive year books the Board has ever issued. He likewise inaugurated the delivery of an annual address on the part of the president, a feature for which he has not been particularly thanked by some of his successors. At the present time, he is chairman of the committee which has charge of the work of bringing about the construction and installation of a high pressure system of fire protection for West Ward, the centre of the business life of Montreal, and it is mainly due to his efforts that the bill is now practically assured of success.



MR. E. B. GREENSHIELDS.
Mr. Greenshields is one of Canada's merchant princes and has just become president of the Amalgamated Asbestos Company.

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Cultivated the Arts. Notwithstanding the attention that he has paid to the commercial and financial life, Mr. Greenshields has cultivated the arts to such an extent as to excel in them. As a university graduate he takes much interest in educational matters. In the October issue of the University Magazine, he writes most interestingly of Charles Heavysege, "A Forgotten Poet," and his criticisms and treatment of the subject are an evidence of the interest literature bears for him. Recently, also, he wrote a little work on art, in which his appreciation for another side of life becomes manifest. This mingling of the commercial and artistic has produced in Mr. Greenshields a man of excellent balance, and of wide appreciation. He would no more pursue the muses to the exclusion of the practical side of life than he would pursue the practical to the exclusion of the artistic. That is why no one need fear that, so long as he is president of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, there will be any manipulation for the sake of gain which would not seem justifiable to a man who does not spend all his time in the work of acquiring.

⁂

Elliott's Retirement. The retirement of Mr. James Elliott, general manager of Molson's Bank, which it is said will shortly take place, will remove from that bank one of its oldest officials. He has been with the Molson's Bank since 1860, and has been general manager since 1900. Ordinarily a quiet man and with but little to say, Mr. Elliott occasionally issued from retirement and when he did so showed that he was possessed of decided opinions, upon which opposition had but little effect. A year ago, or so, when the country was aroused over the failure of the Ontario and Sovereign Banks, and when bank managers were being interviewed by the press of the country in the futile hope that a system might be suggested which would make such failures rarer in future, Mr. Elliott was probably the one bank manager who was in favor of Government Inspection. Upon more than one occasion he expressed himself as decidedly of the opinion that government inspection was along the right lines, and notwithstanding the opposition of probably all the other bank managers in the city of Montreal, Mr. Elliott, when last heard from —like the woman convinced against her will—was of the same opinion still. Of Mr. Elliott's financial ability, there can be no question, the progress made by the bank during the past decade being the best testimony thereto. It was a matter of comment, in some of the Board of Trade circles, of Montreal, that the Molson's Bank, during the financial panic of 1907, treated its customers in a manner which gained for the institution their good will and gratitude, and it was Mr. Elliott who received a very considerable portion of the credit for the policy pursued by the bank.

MONTREAL

Toronto, April 22, 1909.

THE price of wheat has reached such a high level that the market has become a very uncertain one. Patten, the arch manipulator, who is said to have made five millions on his deals thus far, claims that the advance in prices of wheat is purely on merit; that the supply is inadequate to the demand. Yet the world's stocks of wheat in elevators and warehouses is only seven to eight millions of bushels less to-day than a year ago, while the supply in America is eleven to twelve millions of bushels more than twelve months ago. Mr. Patten also says that the U. S. Government return showing 143,000,000 bushels of invisible wheat, or the quantity in farmers' hands on March 1, is 43,000,000 bushels too much. This speculator's experts place the invisible at 100,000,000 bushels. He is called down by Mr. Wilson, who claims that the Government's figures are the most accurate. At best, these are but estimates of the invisible supply of wheat, and as Mr. Patten is so largely interested in the wheat pit, his statements should be taken *cum grano salis*. Mr. Patten has already made many enemies, particularly among the socialistic classes, and no doubt wants to straighten himself with the public. But the facts hardly bear out the theory that the high prices are based on legitimate demand and supply. Mr. J. J. Hill, curiously enough, supports Mr. Patten that there is hardly enough wheat to go round. The world's production of wheat in 1908 was 250,000,000 bushels in excess of the previous year, and the facilities for the transportation of produce are now much greater than at any former period. It must be remembered that between 1893 and 1896 the wheat crops in the United States were large enough to keep the price at abnormally low figure and leave a surplus over. Yet the wheat yield across the border in 1906 was larger by 40 per cent. than the largest harvest up to 1896, while the population in the United States since 1896 has increased only 24 per cent.

Mr. Patten has gained for himself the notoriety of a great manipulator, and the recent interviews in the American press gives one the impression that he is still in the game. To hear the few who have followed him, and made a little money, one would imagine that Mr. Patten had done a great public benefit. Not since the Leiter deal, about ten years ago, has so much attention been drawn to wheat as in the past week or two. In nine cases out of ten, when so much has been written about this staple, with scarehead lines in the news columns of the daily press, the time to sell has arrived. Such articles usually appeal to the lambs, or unsuspecting public, who go in and buy with a rush. The top has been reached, the Pattens and their friends supply avalanches of stuff, and the load bears down the price. Then the eleventh hour bulls find plenty of time to ruminate.

⁂

Boom to Canada. In some respects these high prices for wheat will be of great advantage to Canada this year. Already there is quite a boom in immigration into the Western Provinces, and a fair estimate is that 70,000 people from the United States will go into that country the present season. The great bulk of these farmers are well provided with cash, and it is stated by one of the western agents that the sum total of their wealth will approximate $100,000,000, which is equal to the value of last season's wheat crop up there. This will eventually be of great advantage to the eastern manufacturer, the demand for whose productions will be stimulated. But a direct result of the large increase in this immigration will be a much larger acreage put into crop this spring. Already seeding has commenced, and in the course of a week this cropping will be general. Even with ordinary weather, the yield of wheat in Canada promises to be greater in 1909 than in any previous year. In a recent address Mr. Clifford Sifton called attention to the great annual loss resulting from the use of defective seed in agriculture; he puts this loss at from twenty-five to fifty million dollars a year. The use of defective seed is most regrettable in the case of western wheat. The Canadian West is the only civilized country in the world fitted to produce in practically unlimited quantities the highest quality of wheat, that known as "Manitoba hard." If care is not taken this grade of wheat may practically disappear, and the whole wheat crop of the west will then suffer enormously in prestige and value. The Manitoba hard wheat is now used extensively in other countries as well as in Canada for producing by admixture with soft wheat the different grades of flour used by bakers.

⁂

Our Banks. Deposits in Canadian banks reach the enormous sum of $720,421,000. But deducting the deposits in our banks which come from foreign countries ($73, 951,000) the total Canadian capital in these depositories is $646,470,000. The increase in Canadian deposits for the month of March was over $12,000,000, as against an increase of $8,000,000 for the same month of last year. A year ago these deposits were only $545,807,000, so that the increase in twelve months was $100,663,000. During the same period the trade discounts in Canada decreased $25,000,000, the total now being $520,109,000. This condition does not reflect an active business, but the fact that the discounts increased over $8,000,000 during the month of March is an indication of returning confidence. Bankers are willing to lend money freely on call, thus accounting for the more speculative markets.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that A Dividend of Two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 31st of May, (being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the first of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to 31st May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

Hamilton, 13th April, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
An account may be opened by the deposit of $1—on which interest will be allowed.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Capital (authorized) - -	$6,000,000
Capital (paid up) - - -	$2,200,000

Our facilities for collecting and remitting money should be employed by all business men to whom promptness is a consideration.

Toronto Office - - - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND **Travellers' Cheques**
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Money Transferred by Telegraph or Cable | Toronto Office 48 Yonge St. | Foreign Money Bought and Sold

$1.00 OPEN AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,277,404.49

Kay's Fine Furnishings

THE DONEGAL CARPET HAND-MADE
THE HARP
RE STRUNG
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Donegal Hand Tufted Rugs and Carpets

These famous rugs are all hand made and possess marvellous wearing qualities.

A point of especial note to those interested in high class furnishing and decoration is that we can supply them without seam especially made to fit any shape or size of room and in any design or scheme of color.

We carry a selection of these rugs in stock ready for immediate delivery and have also a large number of colored design plates.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE
Out-of-town residents are invited to write for our new Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Furniture etc.
It will be ready for mailing early next month.

JOHN KAY COMPANY, Limited
36 and 38 King St. West, Toronto

5% POWER BONDS
DOMINION POWER. JAMAICA POWER.
HAMILTON CATARACT POWER. SHAWINIGAN POWER.
MONTREAL POWER (LACHINE).
All at attractive prices. We invite inquiry.
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in Bonds.
222 St. James Street. - - - Montreal.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 75.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **Eleven Per Cent. (11 p.c.)** per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 30th April, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Offices and Branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st day of May next.

The Tranfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th April, both days inclusive.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday, the 26th May, 1909, the Chair to be taken at noon. **By order of the Board.**

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.
Toronto, Ont., 24th March, 1909.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S
HOME - MADE
BREAD

The Home-made loaf is tasty and makes you want more. It is an enjoyable loaf all through, because it is good, and made of only the best ingredients—and with the greatest care for absolute cleanliness. It is an easy matter for you to try it by phoning

Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas streets. Phone Parkdale 1585.

5 cents the loaf.

BY ROYAL WARRANT

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite Dry Champagne imported,

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world, where men of taste gather, where the name

G·H·MUMM & CO.

is not a synonym for the best Champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to MESSRS. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
His Majesty KING EDWARD VII
His Majesty THE GERMAN EMPEROR
His Majesty THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA
His Majesty THE KING OF ITALY
His Majesty THE KING OF SWEDEN
His Majesty THE KING OF DENMARK
His Majesty THE KING OF THE BELGIANS
His Majesty THE KING OF SPAIN.

Nanton Court

Nanton Cresent, Rosedale

The most complete and best finished 4, 5 and 6-room housekeeping apartments in Toronto. Suites from $30.00 to $60.00. For particulars apply to Janitor on the premises.

Phone Nanton Court, North 1790.

DOCTORS

find in their practice that **PRESCRIPTIONS** filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

Ould Gaarge's Pension

IN Canada the Government is introducing a system of annuities; in England there is now the long-desired old age pension. Any one knows the agricultural districts of England, and the farm laborers there—many of them "characters" in their way—can picture how greatly interested and excited are these poor country folk—to whom the sum of five shillings a week seems a fortune, and who, being less accustomed, perhaps, than town people to see or handle money, are the more impressed when any comes into their hands. Formerly a countryman did not take much interest in his age; he was like the French Baron who said that he counted his

"She spoils everything; with her danged obstancy."

money and his jewels, but took no account of his years, for he knew no one could take them from him. If the country laborer in the past took any notice of the matter at all, it was generally in understating his age when applying for a job, or, having reached a stage of longevity, which made him an object of interest as an "old inhabitant," he usually set up a claim to be much older than he really was. Now, when two half-crowns a week can be secured under not very onerous formalities, provided he has reached the statutory age, he is developing a sudden and intense interest in finding out exactly how old he is, and to that intent, is giving his parish clergyman a good deal of trouble.

The question of age, etc., duly settled, and his claim approved, our lucky laborer receives his book of forms. Having got this, he is all impatience till the end of the week comes, to see whether he really *will* get the money. He is usually paid in half-crowns. The half-crown has always been a peculiarly popular coin with the British public. As school boys we always liked it, and I remember, when I was reaching my "young manhood," an old and wise friend telling me that the average servant appreciated a half-crown "tip" more than one of a florin and a shilling—and I really think he was more than half right.

Having received his pension in its most attractive form, the laborer is assailed by a fear that it would never occur to most people to entertain; so true is it that if a man has not a real trouble he can always promptly provide himself with a highly efficient imaginary substitute. What this fear is will be best shown by relating how it was presented to me by George Boyer, one of our villagers.

George Boyer, universally known as "Ould Gaarge," is over seventy, and has drawn his pension from the first of the year. He was once a sort of farm foreman, till, his old muzzle-loader bursting one day when he was ferretting, his right hand was so injured he had to give up his job. Then he became a "higgler," buying old metals, rags, hens, even young pigs, sometimes—in short anything by which he could turn a penny. He used to drive round the country in a small cart, drawn by a pony that "dated from before the Flood," and was very well known over a large part of the centre of the County. As years wore on, both he and the pony got too old for long trips, and his dealings fell off, so that "when they pensions" came in it was a real "godsend" to him. Our parson, who is a wealthy man, and maintains a large establishment, employs Ould Gaarge to take the Rectory washing to the laundry, in a small town about four miles away. This is work for which the old pony and his master are still quite fit, and he makes two trips a week for this purpose. He lives in the same cottage in which he commenced housekeeping when he married, and brought up a family of five children there, though the rooms are so low that, until he became crippled by rheumatism, there is not one in which he could stand upright. It is an old-fashioned thatched, whitewashed place, with a larger bit of garden than common, and quite a picturesque feature of Back Lane.

I happened to be passing his cottage just as "Ould Gaarge" drew up at the gate after one of his laundry trips.

"Hullo! George," I said, "How's the rheumatism?"

"It wur crewel they cold mornings last week, Mr. Frank," was the reply, "but un's a bit better, to-day."

"You've got your pension, I hear?"

"Yes, Mr. Frank, and main glad to have un. But, they says they won't last."

"Won't last. What do you mean?"

"Well, we was a-talkin it over last pay-day. Ould Brown says he allows they 'ull go on for a year; Ould Ainger says he won't give un three months. What do you say, Mr. Frank?"

"Oh," I replied, "I think it will go on, all right."

Ould Gaarge was evidently relieved, but not convinced. He returned to the charge.

"There's seven people gets pay at our post-office, aint there? Well, there's five more at Camden Ash, and nine at Mount Scures, and at Chemsford—well, I wouldn't say but what there 'ud be a fair hundred at Chemsford." (With true County pride, Ould Gaarge looks on Chelmsford as the architype of all that a town should be. Chelmsford and the New Jerusalem are about on a par in his mind; with odds, if any, on the former.)

"Well, that's a mort o' people to pay. Where do the money come from, Mr. Frank?"

"It's found by the Government," I said, and seeing he did not understand—"It's found by the House of Commons."

"I heeard so," said Gaarge; "Neow, they've got the King to pay, and all they great Lords, and the sodjers and sailors, an' the postmen, and all they pensions—they 'ull niver have the money! I can't see where the're agoin' to get the money."

Ould Gaarge's point—where the money is to come from?—is being brought home to wiser heads than his, not without apprehension, too. Where *is* the money going to come from?

The old fellow sat on the seat of his weather-beaten cart, behind the antediluvian pony, the picture of apprehension and discouragement.

"I suppose Mrs. Boyer got her pension too," I said, by way of giving matters a more cheerful turn. The old chap revived at once, and said with great energy:

"That she ain't. Not she! She's just losing that blessed five bob a week the same way she spoils everything else, with her denged obstinacy! You see, Mr. Frank, we can't tell rightly just how old she is, for she war' born in Gibraltar, or some other furrin' part, when her father war' a-sodgerin' and she sticks to it she's only sixty-five!"

The old man got so warm over the last part of this speech that he raised his voice almost to a shout. Mrs. Boyer in the house heard him, and came to the open door, her hands dripping soap-suds. She must have heard enough to guess the purport of her goodman's remarks, for she advanced down the path to the gate with a frown on her face, and drying her hands on her apron. She is a very small but sturdy person, with a reputation through the village of not letting her tongue rust for want of use.

"She's allus said she was ten year younger'n she is, and stick to it she will," continued Ould Gaarge, exasperated. Then, for the first time catching sight of the enemy advancing on his flank and realizing that he was "in for it," he pointed at her with his sound hand, and almost screamed in his wrath:

"Look at her, an' she sayin' she's only sixty-five! *Sixty-five!* Why any gowk as can't see her's more'n a denged ten year oulder nor me ought to be put in the 'sylum, an' kep' theere, that's what I say."

Good Mrs. Boyer had by this time reached the gate, and the storm was ready to break. I remembered discretion was the better part of valor, and, calling my dogs, prudently "absquatulated," as our American cousins say, while it was yet time. Looking back discreetly from the corner of the lane, I saw Ould Gaarge was busy taking the harness off the pony, his diminutive helpmeet the while administering as efficient and thorough a "tongue-thrashing" as ever fell to the lot of a son of Adam.

S.

Little Corstons, Essex, England.

Useless Economy.

THE New York Herald tells a story about two journalistic workers—one of them very well known—which reminds one of the experience of the Hebrew comedian in "The Soul Kiss," who didn't eat anything for three days while travelling on a steamer, not knowing that the meals went with the ticket. Here is the story:

Tom Masson, the editor of Life and contributor to half a hundred other papers, is curly headed and rather small in stature. He has an active, smiling face and is usually up to his eyes in work; his office at Life indicates that. It is a somewhat small, narrowish room, workmanly bare and with a supreme littering of papers everywhere—upon his desk, at surrounding tables and over the floor they scatter in crumpled promiscuity.

Mr. Masson and his friend Saks, who is the business manager of Life, went to luncheon at Muschenheim's one day not very long ago. It happened to be just before pay day, and as editors and business managers are but human, they had with them quite inconsiderable wealth. It was a time for retrenchment, so Masson studied the menu diligently and decided upon soup as being nourishing and economical. He took a demi-tasse to conclude.

Saks, more ingenious still, chose rice pudding with a glass of milk. With a feeling of satisfaction after their meal both gentlemen looked around and indicated to the waiter their désire for checks. The attendant smiled broadly.

"Gentlemen," said he—"Mr. Muschenheim's orders—the lunch is on the house to-day!" By which it seems that jokes may be on Life as well as in it.

THE MOVING SPIRIT OF THE BALKAN CRISIS: BARON VON AEHRENTHAL, AUSTRIAN MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Germany and Austria, acting in concert, have preserved the peace of Europe by force of arms, for it was the combined power of these two great military nations which, underlying the polite language of diplomacy, really compelled Russia to recognize the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to fall in with the wishes of Austria in the settlement of the Servian question. Throughout the crisis Baron von Aehrenthal was the moving spirit of the whole affair.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi Janos

MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & CHEMISTS

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS MANY DOSES

MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC

GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES,

THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG CO LIMITED TORONTO

You are invited to call and inspect our goods For comparison on prices.

There is no Scotch Whisky to Equal

DEWAR'S

"Special Liqueur!"

HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND——SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

O'K

Extra Mild, Remember

Many people would drink ale, in preference to all other malt beverages, if ale did not make them bilious.

This O'K brew is brewed especially for those people. It is extra mild and extra light, and lets you enjoy the creamy deliciousness of real old English ale without the heaviness and excessive bitterness.

O'Keefe's
Special Extra Mild **ALE**

"The Beer that is always O.K."

CRISP, BROWN TOAST IN A JIFFY

You can serve crisp, brown toast at the table, piping hot, for the entire family, with an electrical toaster at your elbow.

It takes but a few moments to turn two slices of bread into more delicious toast than can be possibly made over a fire.

We are giving a practical demonstration of how convenient these little toasters are every day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited
12 Adelaide Street East

Reliability is exemplified in our guaranteed

Hercules Bed Springs and Gold Medal Felt Mattresses

Through the patent method of interlocking the guaranteed Hercules Bed Springs it makes them five times as strong and more resilient than any other spring made. Our Gold Medal Felt Mattresses are made with greatest care from clean and wholesome materials and they are unquestionably the best made in Canada. We give a three months' guarantee. Insist upon your dealer supplying you these makes.

THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., LTD.
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

START WELL
BY USING
SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE
ESSENCE
..TO..
BREAKFAST

Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.
The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.
15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester St. West, Montreal.

LABATT'S ALE
Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.
PURE
WHOLESOME
PALATABLE
BEVERAGE

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

You will appreciate the saving made by having us dye or clean your soiled or faded clothing. Years of experience in the cleaning and dyeing of fine garments, household articles, curtains, draperies, gloves, etc., has made us so proficient that you simply cannot know the possibilities of this kind of work without consulting us—work that your local cleaner knows nothing about.
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30 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, April 20, 1909.

POLITICAL, social, and all other events of the week have been completely overshadowed by "ball." Primary reforms, the crisis in Turkey, and even the African hunt have had no interest for us. The man of business, ordinarily too busy to look up from his desk to greet a visitor, has motored to his office, scanned his mail, snatched a sandwich and "hiked" for the Polo grounds. The only tariff opinion I have heard all week issued from a lady suffragist. Her view was that women being the principal consumers of hosiery and gloves, for instance, should fix the tariff on such articles. This, you will agree, is an interesting side of the question, and, as you must also admit, proves how simple the whole economic problem would be in her hands. By training and instinct woman is your real economist. Put the markets of the world at her feet and she will hunt for bargains, regardless of the specious pleadings of your bloated patriot capitalist. Patriotism, to her will consist in supplying the consumer at bargain prices. To make up the revenue she will probably tax cigars and bachelors. Like the chance straw which tells the direction of the wind, it may be well to heed this chance remark that floated over the tea cups. The game is up brothers unless we can win her, and some, I fear, are incorruptible.

* * *

GOVERNOR HUGHES is one exception to the rule of preoccupation in the national game. An ever watchful guardian of the people's heritage, he neither slumbers nor sleeps, nor—plays ball. His Primary Reform Bill, defeated the other day in the Legislature, was submitted to the Brooklyn electorate this week, with that vigor eloquence, and logical clearness, that have made him the most potent political factor in this country. This was the first gun of the battle royal for representative government as against the clique.

The present movement for primary reform measures, he characterizes as evolutionary and the direct nominations plan as the "latest development in our progress toward securing institutions that are truly representative." As he reminds us: "We are witnessing a natural growth, an inevitable evolution in political methods. The convention system is not a sacred or final institution. It represents merely a phase of the same movement."

* * *

THE Jefferson dinner, which provides an annual rally for National Democrats, hardly ruffled the surface of current happenings this week. Even the humor of men like Murphy, McCarren, Conners and Croker, assembling to do honor to the name of Jefferson, seems to have lost point. Old line Democrats, of course, of the Cleveland persuasion, indignant with these illegitimate descendants of the great founder of Democracy, are content to honor his memory in their hearts.

Letters of regret, full of pious platitudes, were received from Bryan, Governor Johnson, and others of less importance. Bryan's name was greeted heartily, but the ovation was reserved for the Minnesota governor. This is another informing straw by which we may learn the prevailing political mind, and the perpetual candidate his fate, four years hence.

The Payne bill, Republican extravagance, the Republican party made up of "advocates for special interests" and the Panama Canal, were piously held up to view in contrast to Jeffersonian ideals.

* * *

MY prediction, a fortnight ago, of a fifteen mile race between Alfred Shrubb and Henri St. Yves, is to be realized on Saturday Night. Shrubb is the favorite for two reasons. His unbeaten record at this distance is one, and the other is himself. England is not more fond of her famous runner than the people of New York have been, and the plucky effort he made to wear out the Frenchman in the last Marathon endeared him forever.

One thing is certain—we shall have a race from the time the pistol is fired to the end of the journey. In this respect it will differ from Marathons, which in their first stage, at least, are simply tests of endurance. Fifteen miles is probably the limit for a real test of speed.

* * *

THE latter half of the John T. Martin collection—one of the best collections ever offered for sale in America—was put up at auction the other night. A small Millet, "Going to Work—Dawn of Day," brought a record price of $50,000. A Carot, "La Charette," brought the next highest bid, $30,000; and a Troyon $25,100. A Daubigny, "Twilight on the Seine," brought $13,100; and a cattle picture by Van Marcke $16,500. The bargain of the sale was the noted Rousseau, "Les Bucherons," which went for $7,700. Altogether the sale realized the handsome figure of $222,895.

* * *

WE had a pleasant and distinct surprise in the theatrical offerings of last week. "The House Next Door," by J. Hartley Manners, proved not only a gem of a play, but, in the hands of Mr. J. E. Dodson and a very fine company, one of the acting gems of the season. The theme is race prejudice, but, for once, the subject has been treated with infinite tact, kindly humor, and good taste. Mr. Dodson's return to the stage is indeed welcome. He is undoubtedly an actor of rare ability, and his acting in this play, at least, is of a kind seldom seen on the American stage.

The only new offering for the current week is, "The Gay Life," a comedy by Roy L. McCardell, which, inappropriately enough, if one may prejudge from the title, follows Mr. Sothern at Daly's. And by the way, one of the pleasures of the week and of Mr. Sothern's season was the revival of "Lord Dundreary," the famous old Tom Taylor comedy, which he added to his repertory last season. It is the same delightful performance in every way and was witnessed by the largest and happiest audience I have seen in any theatre this year.

J.E.W.

A Man of the Moment.

HON. REGINALD McKENNA, First Lord of the Admiralty, who has been so much in the eye of the British public of late on account of the lively discussion on the British navy, is a Cabinet Minister who has won his way to the front rapidly. A Londoner by birth, he was educated at King's College, and later on went to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself not less in oarsmanship than in learning. In 1887 he was called to the bar, and was defeated as a Parliamentary candidate five years later. In 1895, however, he was elected as member for North Monmouthshire, and quickly showed himself as a man to be reckoned with. His first important post was as Secretary to the Treasury, and when Mr. Birrell left the Board of Education he took that Minister's place. Last year he succeeded Lord Tweedmouth as First Lord of the Admiralty. In spite of his heavy work, Mr. McKenna still manages to indulge in his favorite recreation—a pull on the river—and he is one of the freshest and most athletic-looking of British politicians.

Some time ago, says M. A. P., an amusing incident happened to Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons. He was arguing in favor of the Government's Old Age Pension scheme of five shillings for people living alone, and three shillings and ninepence for old people living together.

"It is relatively cheaper," he said, "for two persons living together than for one."

As it was only a few days previously that Mr. McKenna had led his bride to the altar, the House was delighted with this remark, and a Labor member shouted out:

"Well, *you* ought to know by this time!"

Whereupon the House roared, and Mr. McKenna added with a blush: "Well, I *hope* it will be cheaper."

Absent-Minded Forgetfulness.

"MY!" exclaimed Mrs. Batty for about the eleventh time, "I do wish Christina, I could remember where I put your uncle's money!"

"No, I didn't put it in the clock. That's where I keep the missionary envelopes. No, nor it ain't in the top of the heater. That's where I'm keeping Silas's cuff-buttons that he left here last Christmas, so I won't forget 'em when your uncle goes to the city."

"They ain't in the old teapot neither, for I'm keeping the specs there that suit the minister when he comes here and forgets hisn. I ain't keeping nothing else there now. My, to think of two five dollar bills a-layin' around so safe somewhere that there ain't no finding them.

"What made you think of inside the organ? No, I ain't keeping nothing there but Sarah Maggie's gold bracelet that pa found along the tenth last week, and that we have to take to church next Sunday for her.

"No, I know I put them bills in an awful comspicuous place somewhere, and I expect I'll walk past it for days now, and never notice that money. Pa'll never let me hear the last of this, you may be sure.

"This old piece of stocking on my wrist, with the elastic bands around it, you were saying. Yes, I put it on this morning. But I can't remember what I put it on for. Now, surely, did I put that money inside of that strip of old stocking? Well, if I ever! There it is sure enough! I remember now that I thought if I put the money inside the strip of stocking and put the elastics around it, I'd think of them bills every time I looked at my wrist, and if you'll believe me I've never looked at my wrist since! My, I'm glad I found that money before your uncle came home. I think now I'll pin it in under my hair and I'll be sure to find it when I take my switch off to-night.

LINA SCHRAG.

Lionizing Mr. Locke.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE, the noted English novelist, who recently visited America, is very tall in appearance and has a very sandy complexion. His work table is usually littered with papers and uncorrected proofs. He is one of the few famous men that success has not spoiled, and to this day he considers it a high honor to be asked for a photograph—a request to which up to the present he has always religiously acceded. In manner Mr. Locke is diffident and almost shy, and to be the Lion of the Evening is to him a distinction which is almost akin to pain.

A distinguished American artist tells the following story of him, and it is given to the public by The New York Herald. "Locke," says the artist, "was the guest at a reception one evening and was due at the Lambs Club at ten o'clock on the same night, when a dinner was to be given him by the members. Poor Mr. Locke, lionized by everybody, shy and almost embarrassed, felt that the time for the Lambs Club dinner must be arriving, but was far too polite to look at his watch.

"I went to him on several occasions and suggested that time was flying and that it was essential that he should make a move, as he would be expected at the Lambs. After much hesitation he finally approached his hostess timorously and with outstretched hand. 'I think I must really'—— he began. 'What!' exclaimed the hostess. 'You mustn't think of going yet,' and immediately commenced a brilliant fusillade of conversation directed at the lionized but embarrassed Locke.

"Poor Locke stood there, the picture of the politest trepidation. Finally the lady left him, her duties calling her elsewhere. I then manoeuvred him to near the door, when, coming behind him, I fairly pushed him from the room. Mr. Locke, rather shocked but intensely relieved, reached the Lambs Club only thirty minutes late."

Milner and Stead.

IT will be remembered by those who came into contact with W. T. Stead when he was in Canada that this odd and irrepressible journalist spoke of most of the great men of the world as if they were children, referring to the greatest British statesmen by their Christian names. He seemed to consider Lord Milner to be an especially wilful child. Milner, who enters his fifty-sixth year this month, began work as a journalist, and was assistant editor of The Pall Mall Gazette, when it was controlled by Stead. And in this connection M. A. P. tells a story.

In those days Milner had the reputation of being somewhat lackadaisical, and until the day wore on it is said to have been a physical impossibility to rouse him. While addressing a meeting in the East End of London, a man in the body of the hall hurled some derisive remark at him. To the amazement of everyone on the platform, Milner's temper was disturbed—for the first time on record. Gazing at the interrupter with flaring eyes, he retorted in such a forcible manner that the fellow instantly collapsed and slunk out.

"I really think I could speak," he confided to Mr. Stead the next morning in relating the incident, "if I could have someone to hit me in the eye before I started. But it needs a thumper like that to make me take off my coat."

To this Mr. Stead replied: "Well, Milner, I wish I could hit you every morning before you start work."

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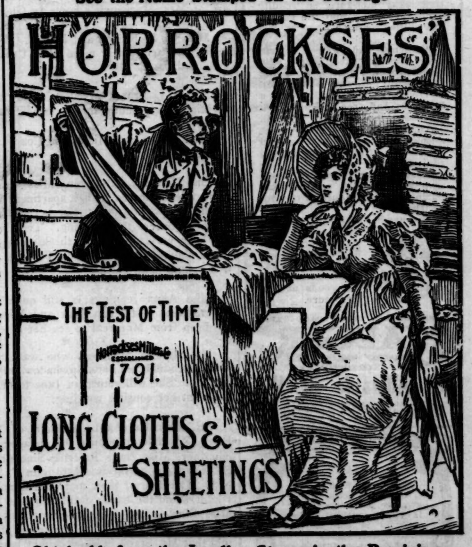

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Garrison Dramatic Company, who present "Caste" to-night in Montreal, had a most successful time in Hamilton on Tuesday, where they played to a large and appreciative audience, and gave the proceeds of their entertainment to the Victorian Order of Nurses. The company left for Montreal on Wednesday evening on which night the Dicken's Fellowship Players presented "Little Nell" in His Majesty's Opera House, Montreal, in competition for the Governor-General's trophy. Toronto certainly has sent a diversity of plays and players this year.

Next Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock Miss Mabel Beddoe is giving a *matinee musicale* in the studio of the Strolling players, for the benefit of a clever young musician, at which she will sing German and English songs, and will be assisted by Miss Theodore Jackes, who recently made a most successful debut in elocution, Miss Jessie Hill, of Guelph, who will play Schutt's Reverie, MacDonald's Shadow Dance and Godard's Le Cavalier Fantastique, and Mr. Paul Hahn, who will play a 'cello obligato to Miss Beddoe's song.

The dance given on the 16th in the Strolling Players' studio was greatly enjoyed by the guests, who numbered about four score. Among the many pretty girls, petite Miss Gillies was remarkable, and a fair visitor in town, Miss Muriel Armstrong, who came with her hostess, Mrs. Robertson, of Elm avenue, looked well in mauve.

Miss Mabel Beddoe looked very handsome and wore a most becoming gown. The genial President of the Strollers' Club, Mr. G. R. Sweeny, was a capital host.

Colonel D. M. Robertson spent Easter with his people in Montreal.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee has been confined to the house with a mild attack of grippe and was not able to leave for England on Wednesday. She and her son, Mr. Arthur Lee, left on Thursday afternoon for New York en route to London, by the Atlantic Transport Line.

Mrs. and Miss Bovell, of Poplar Plains Road, are, I hear, thinking of going abroad later on.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross have been spending a week at Preston and are expected home to-day.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones received this week for the last time this season.

Mrs. Macbeth, of Sussex Court, who returned from a visit to Mrs. Marpole on the West Coast, a few weeks ago, is thinking of returning to spend the summer with Mrs. Marpole. She will in that case rent her pretty flat until the autumn.

The sad and sudden death of Mr. Laing of Bedford Road was a shock to his friends and family. All his children but his constant companion, Miss Constance, who had just convalesced from several weeks illness, were scattered in various parts of the world, Mr. Fred in Calgary, Mr. Jack in Gowganda and Mrs. Haydn Horsey was in mid-ocean on her way to England. A cable from there at mid-week announced her intention of returning home at once. Great sympathy is with them all, especially Miss Connie Laing, who has not fully recovered her strength to meet so sad a blow.

Mrs. Alec. Mackenzie, her mother, Mrs. Kirkland, and the two little ones have returned from abroad and are at Mrs. Mackenzie's home in Glen Road, Rosedale.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. C. C. James went to Cobourg to attend their niece Miss Crossen's wedding, on Wednesday.

Major J. Fraser Macdonald left on Tuesday on a fortnight's trip south, for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Coady and Miss Lena Coady sail to-day on the Baltic for England.

On Thursday afternoon, Miss Grace Smith asked some friends to tea in her apartment in Maitland street to meet Miss Margaret Vereker, a fellow-artist, who gives a concert this evening. The dainty little hostess has been very happy over the kind appreciation her fine piano playing has received in Toronto. She is returning to England next week.

Miss Anna Jennings is still quite ill at The Pines, Bloor street east. Mr. Jack and Miss Isabel Creelman came up from Montreal to see her a few days ago.

Miss Louise Manning, who was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, at Llawhaden, returned home last Sunday. She will return in June to officiate as maid-of-honor at her cousin's wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, of "Roslyn," Ancroft Place, Rosedale, announce the engagement of their elder daughter, Miss Amie Beatrice Sinclair and Mr. Gilbert S. Stairs, son of the late Mr. John F. Stairs of Halifax, N.S. The date of their marriage is not yet decided, but I understand the happy event will take place before long. Miss Sinclair is one of the most popular and amiable girls in Toronto, and has legions of friends, and I am told that Mr. Stairs is in every way worthy of her. Their friends are piling good wishes in their path.

Dr. J. L. Bray, of Avenue road, has been very ill, but is now happily convalescing rapidly. Mrs. Reginald Bray came down from Chatham to stay with her mother-in-law for a time, which was a happy thought.

On Wednesday afternoon at Fairlawn, Cobourg, the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crossen, Miss Nora Madeline Crossen and Dr. Louis E. Jordan, of Ottawa, Illinois, were married, Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D., of Brampton, uncle of the bride, officiating. The ceremony took place in the drawing room, which was exquisitely decorated with lilies and smilax. Mr. Crossen brought in the bride and gave her away. The bridal robe was of ivory satin with *pointe de Venise* and touches of silver, and the tulle veil was hemmed with pearls. The boquet was a shower of orchids and lily of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Nora Macmachtan was in pink satin with pink chapeau, and carried a Watteau crook wreathed with orchids. Miss Burns and Miss E. Burns, cousins of the bride were bridesmaids in white crepe, with pink hats and crooks tied with boquets of Killarney roses. Willie Crossen younger brother of the bride, and Mildred Howell held the ribbons forming a pathway for the bride and her attendants. Mr. Lyle Crossen and Mr. Pim, of Hamilton, were the ushers. A great many guests were asked to the bridal reception and the whole mansion was *en fete* to receive them. Mrs. Crossen received in a lovely peach pink satin costume, and her boquet was of violets. The bride and groom left later for Illinois, where Mr. Crossen has given them a very nice house. In the evening a very smart ball in the Columbian Hotel was given by Mr. and Mrs. Crossen for visiting and resident friends.

A stag party was given on Saturday evening at the close of Mr. Edmund Morris' exhibition in the Canadian Art Gallery in honor of Mr. Horatio Walker and Mr. Plimister Proctor of New York, who have been spending a week in Toronto. This fine artist and sculptor in bronze are Canadians now residing in New York, who have been very welcome guests in Toronto.

Colonel Sir Henry Pellat had a large reception and tea at Casa Lorna for the Horticulturists' Association last Saturday afternoon. Owing to indisposition Lady Pellatt was unable to act as hostess, but her pretty daughter-in-law, Mrs. Reginald Pellatt, presided gracefully at the tea-table, which was set in the conservatory and decorated with Easter lilies. Some three hundred guests were at the tea and inspection of the conservatories.

Mr. George Blaikie and his sister returned from Ottawa after the Champ-Coates wedding. Mrs. Blaikie remained on for a little visit to her father, Mr. Coates.

Mr. and the Misses Crawford and Miss Violet Maulson have been enjoying a visit at Preston Springs.

Miss Florence Smith, of Sarnia, is the guest of Mrs. John Lyle, Avondale Road, and assisted with Miss Jean Alexander, of Bon Accord, at Mrs. Lyle's reception of Tuesday. By the way, a very welcome caller on the fair bride that day was Canon Craig, of Petrolia, who officiated at her wedding, and who is an exceedingly fine and handsome cleric.

Last Friday the Tecumseh Athletic Club gave a dance in the Woman's Art Galleries, at which Mrs. McKnight acted as hostess. Among the pretty girls present were Miss Snelgrove, Miss Gooch, Miss Bond, Miss Carveth, Miss I. Bleasdell, Miss Sylvester, with many gallant beaux.

Dr. and Mrs. Mathieson, who spent the winter in town, returned to St. Mary's for the summer before Easter. Mrs. Mathieson was a victim of grippe for quite a fortnight before leaving Toronto, which prevented her bidding goodbye to her old friends who had been so glad to meet her again after many years. It is likely Dr. and Mrs. Mathieson will come to Toronto for next winter.

Miss Elsie Thorold is with Mrs. McLaren at the Corona Hotel, Montreal, for a few weeks. They will return later to the McLaren home in Lancaster.

Ven. Archdeacon Hill, of St. Thomas, is visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. Tom Delamere, at 29 Heath street.

Mrs. Willie Crowther and her son and daughter sail for a summer in England by the S. S. Baltic to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Robins and Miss Marguerite Robins, 86 Glen Road, sail on the Adriatic on Wednesday next for Europe where they will spend about three months.

The engagement of Miss Gladys Thompson to Mr. Wallace McIntyre is announced. The marriage will take place the end of April at the residence of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Rosedale.

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Censure is the tax a woman pays to her sex for being beautiful.

Love is the peek-hole in this prison world through which we glimpse paradise.

Many a temptation masquerades as an opportunity; many an opportunity as a temptation. You can differentiate only when it is too late.

Youth, like angels, we entertain unawares; only if it is gone do we know we have had it.

A stitch in time saves exposure.

Man's only refuge from condemnation is in obscurity.

That impelling and compelling something which we call energy is the one human attribute more than all others, which determines individual achievement and so more than anything else, differentiates men. As is the measure of energy, so is the measure of attainment.

Vanity, that most easily wounded weakling, has a mighty tenacious grip on existence.

Why labor? The attainable nobody wants; the unattainable, nobody can have.

We rate ability curiously; our own we sum up from our attempts, that of others from their attainments.

The clever woman is elusive, having discovered that masculinity finds no gratification in shooting barnyard fowls.

Man tortures himself in casting aside the erring woman whom he loves. Woman cherishes the guilty man whom she loves, for greater than her injured self esteem or her affronted vanity is her pleasurable personal satisfaction in him.

To-morrow—the day upon which we overtake happiness, find the true friend, meet a truthful human, the day when the indolent labor and the fools reflect.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"THE Little Gods" is a volume of excellent short stories by Rowland Thomas (The Musson Book Company, publishers, Toronto). Some time ago this promising writer was awarded a $5,000 prize, in a competition conducted by a New York weekly, for "Fagan," a strong, well-wrought story of an American negro soldier serving in the Philippines. And the book opens with this tale. The others also concern United States army men in the East. In order to give them sequence, and perhaps, also, influenced by the ruling passion of the average modern fictionist—which is always to avoid good, straight narrative—Mr. Thomas indulges in a prologue. In several pages of italics he invokes the mystic spirit of the East and communes with an old heathen priest who tells him that the everyday affairs of life are looked after by Little Gods, who are not, like the Great God, incapable of amusement. And at the beginning of each tale the old heathen has a few words to say on this hypothesis, on which the

EDEN PHILLPOTTS
The well known English author whose latest novel, "The Three Brothers," is being highly praised. It is a story of humble Devon folk; and Margaret E. Sangster calls it "a tremendous book."

stories are meant to hang together. There is an epilogue too. A good many of us would have enjoyed the stories better without any frills of this sort. But when the reader gets fairly into them he will find them very enjoyable indeed. The adventures of the two Irish-American soldiers, Casey and Clancy, are particularly entertaining. In fact, it is quite a long time since a better volume of stories was published.

* * *

A most engaging and diverting little volume of travel talk is "Just Irish," from the facile pen of Charles Battell Loomis, issued by Richard G. Badger, publisher, Boston. The cover of the book is not happily designed, for it presents an extravagant picture, in extravagant colors, of a vaudeville-stage Irishman; whereas in almost every chapter of his amusing narrative Mr. Loomis laughingly punctures our belief that the Irishman as we know him in quip and caricature is the type of native most commonly encountered on the Emerald Isle. He went to an Irish fair, but—here let me quote: "What a disappointment! Irishmen? Why, you'll see more Irishmen any pleasant day below Fourteenth street in New York. And those that were there were painfully well behaved and quiet. And as for speaking the Irish dialect—well, I wish that some of the Irish comedians who have been persuaded that Irishmen wear green whiskers would come over here and listen to Irishmen speak. They wouldn't understand them, they speak so like the other people." Mr. Loomis says that you do not hear satisfying Irish dialect until you reach Dublin, the dialect of the north being very like Scotch. As to drinking, let me quote Mr. Loomis again:

"I have been ten days in Ireland and have travelled afoot, acar, and on train and tram through half a dozen northern counties and have been on the outlook for picturesque sights, and I saw my first drunken man yesterday afternoon—the afternoon of the tenth day. He was in a third-class smoking compartment. He was a very old and rather nice-looking, clean-shaven man, and his instincts were for the most part of the kindliest, but he would have irritated Charles Dickens exceedingly, for he was an inveterate spitter, of wonderful aim, and, like the beautiful lady in the vaudeville shows whose husband surrounds her with knives without once touching her, I was surrounded but unharmed. When the old man saw my straw hat a gleam of interest came into his dull eyes, and he came over and sat down right opposite me.

"'Are you a Yankee?' said he. I assured him that I was. 'I thought so by your hat, but you don't talk like a Yankee.' So I handed him out a few 'by Goshes,' which he failed to recognize and told me plainly he doubted my nationality. Except for my hat I was no Yankee...."

Shortly after this Mr. Loomis, in a railway station, found the place resounding with the laughter of a group of girls, and turned to see what was the cause of the outburst. They were laughing at him—his Yankee face was so solemn! Of Irish good spirits and Irish hospitality Mr. Loomis speaks in highest praise. But he is not favorably impressed with the climate of Ireland, and he fears that the people of the island would far rather talk than work. On these characteristics, and many others, of an ever interesting people and country Mr. Loomis discourses in his well known pleasant manner, which is that of a sympathetic observer of human nature who has mastered the art—a somewhat rare one—of writing breezy, journalistic English tinged with mellow reflection.

* * *

A novel which the average reader will find very interesting is "Open House," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto. The story mainly concerns Dr. Caspar Diman, a quixotic physician who specializes in nervous diseases, and Cassandra Joyce, a dashing American girl whose character is sound but whose ideas were early perverted by too much wealth.

Dr. Diman's hobby is to fill his big rambling house with all sorts of queer cases. At the home of a patient he finds Cassandra in the role of a poor relative. The patient dies, and the doctor's inquiries bring out the girl's story. She is the only daughter of a man who was once immensely rich, but who failed and died by his own hand, leaving the girl penniless and with no resource but a choice between dependence upon unsympathetic relatives and a marriage for money. The doctor offers Cassandra a position as office assistant at thirty dollars a month and her board. She accepts, and he finds her the most difficult "case" he ever had. The situation is easily imagined. The girl cannot take her work—answering the telephone and copying case records—seriously. The doctor's dull house and querulous patience and equally querulous sister-housekeeper drives her to the verge of distraction. But the doctor himself is patient and strong, and he makes a woman of her; and at the end we know that she will make him a splendid wife.

The minor characters of the book are well drawn, and the story is not lacking either in incident or color. Agreeable, wholesome, and interesting, "Open House" will no doubt find much popularity among lovers of good light fiction.

* * *

If there should chance to be among the readers of this page a spring poet—a real spring poet—to him, greeting. By a real spring poet is meant not an ordinary, mercenary, work-a-day versifier who grinds out rhymes any old time, but a young person who falls into a fine frenzy of poetizing in the spring only. As a rule the genuine spring poet's interest in literature is evanescent and transitory. He is bound by no rule-of-thumb ideas of verse-forms, sense-forms, or anything else. He does not, one may suppose, care a rap for dull literary discussions such as are found on this page and others much better. But the eye of one such young person may meet this paragraph. If so, let him read the following piece of verse by a writer in The New York Times. After which he may shrink from carrying any passionate spring outbursts of his own to the newspaper offices. Here are The Times man's profane lines. They are on

Making a Spring Poem.

First, taking up the subject, birds,
I'll pour my verse, which naught can stem,
In nice, alliterative words,
On them.

Next, neatly switching to the skies,
I shall remark that they are blue,
A circumstance which, I surmise,
You knew.

But never mind. Next comes the breeze,
Perchance, a zephyr; whereupon
Think you that I'll ring in some trees?
You're on.

Next, thoughts on blossoms will appear
Entwined, in lightly vernal text.
With sunlit clouds—then, Phyllis, dear,
You're next.

Then, probably, some rural shack
Into my rhymes I'll gently shove
'Mid purling rivulets—then, back
To love.

With variations—"Cupid's Spell!"
"Deuclous longings!" — "Pangs of Spring!"
Next—next, ahem, I'll try to sell
The thing.

* * *

Frank Danby's new novel, "Sebastian," is making a strong bid for popularity. This author's real name, by the way, is Mrs. Julia Frankau.

HAL.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Grand Opera House took itself back a decade or so on Monday evening, when society turned out in gala garb and filled the old familiar stalls and rejuvenated boxes to hear the Garrison players present "Caste," their play of this evening for the Governor-General's trophy to be adjudged after the competition in Montreal. The Grand has been the theatre of the masses, those who love melodrama and not too expensive opera and comedy, for a good many seasons, but on Monday, the old time patrons all, like the cat, came back, and had a glorious time, for there is nothing Society likes better than to sit in judgment in a kind and "all in the family" sort of way. upon its ambitious fellows. Everybody knew everybody else, and was charmed to see them, and the audience knew the players as well as they did one another, which made the harmony complete. Caste is an old-fashioned play, with long talks and unnatural situations. From these there is a relief in the breezy look at life afforded by the lovemaking and matrimonial plans of the two quite ordinary people. Miss Carrie Crerar as Polly Eccles, and Mr. H. Walker as Samuel Gerridge, the gas-man who "smells of putty." Sam played up to Polly, which is praise enough for anybody, and Polly was at her delightful best. Mr. Kortwright has presented a character study in drunken toddling old Eccles (loathed of all but the tolerant Polly, whose loyalty is delicious),

LADY DRUMMOND
One of Montreal's Society Leaders.

which is unforgettable and true to life. The "swells" in the play, the Marquise de St. Maur and her son Captain Dalmey, were taken in great style by Miss Merritt and Colonel Septimus Denison, Miss Merritt's reminiscences from Froissart being very good. Captain Laybourne was the good friend and gallant officer in his usual thoughtful and able way. Mrs. Michael Chapman, who was accorded the floral honors of the evening, looked very fair and refined, as Esther Eccles, the "changling" offspring of the disreputable and worthless Eccles. Although her voice did not carry well, during the first scene, she rose to a height of exquisite acting in the second scene, which needed an audience such as she had to grasp and appreciate, and her soft musical tones reached the last corner of the auditorium. It is only fair to say that the late arrivals and consequent unrest of the audience marred much of the first scene. By the way, why do the latecomers always have seats as far from the aisle as possible?

Miss Mollie Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, and Miss Ethel Baldwin left on Tuesday morning for a long sojourn abroad. They are spending some time in Holland.

Captain Elmes Henderson has arrived home on long leave and is with his people in town.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone got home from England and Guernsey last week and have enjoyed a delightful visit to Mrs. Boone's relatives, M. and Mde. de Sau Maurez at Springfield, St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

Major Lang will be leaving soon for England and on his return will, I hear, bring his bride back with him.

Mrs. Smith, of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. Stewart Houston.

Talk about whipping wife-beaters. The chief of the West Toronto fire brigade caned Colonel Denison in his own room last Monday. It is a beautiful cane, with the Colonel's initials in silver letters. The Police Magistrate will doubtless carry this gift proudly through Old London streets this summer.

The Candida Company gave a performance on Saturday evening in Broadway Hall of the competition play which they present to-night in Montreal. I hear it went off capitally and that the cast is greatly heartened by the verdict of Toronto critics. It is hoped that one of the Toronto plays may touch the high water mark and secure the trophy.

Miss H. May Rice, of Markham street, is visiting friends in Portage la Prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLean Spry, of Oaklands avenue, have returned from Peterboro where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Hall.

The boxes at the Grand on Monday were filled with dashing parties, officers in uniforms and ladies in their prettiest evening gowns. General Cotton and his wife and daughter were in the Stanley Barracks box, with several others. Next to them the Benvenuto box was filled with a party of which Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie were hosts. Above them Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Hon. President of the Canadian Art Club, had as his guest, Mr. Horatio Walker and Mr. Phymister Proctor of New York, and Mr. Edmund Morris. In what used to be known as the Government House box during the Kirkpatrick *regime*, Lady Mortimer Clark and her daughters with Major Michie and Major Macdonald were a bright party, the officers being both in uniform. Next to them was a party with Captain and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Q.O.R., including Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir. Colonel Gooderham of Deancroft, had a beauty party in the upper box. In the stalls was Society, by the hundred, amused, bored, enthusiastic or indifferent, as its naturet and interest ran. Mrs. McCullough of Galt, was with her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, and Mrs. Nesbitt, of Hamilton, was with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan. The bride, Mrs. John Lyle, who held her first reception on Tuesday, had her handsome sister, Miss Moncrieff, of Petrolia, with her. The Candida Company were present and enjoyed their rivals performance. Miss Charlotte Gooderham, of Deancroft, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mr. Victor Heron and Mr. Gooderham were in Colonel Gooderham's party. It was as brilliant and beautiful an audience as ever Toronto sent to any performance, and no wonder it stimulated the performers to do their best.

Mrs. Nesbitt, of Hamilton, has been the guest of Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, and with her hostess and Mrs. Beatty, of The Oaks, Queen's Park, attended the Saturday evening performance of "The World and his Wife," by the Faversham Company at the Alexandra.

Mrs. Waldie, of Glenhurst, and Mr. Bob Waldie, are back from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Haas and Mrs. Alan Sullivan, have returned from Atlantic City.

Last week was exceedingly dull in social circles, with exception of the one large wedding and three dinners. This week the theatres have been the chief attraction and they will reap a good harvest from the fact that there is no Horse Show to make demand sartorial and otherwise, upon Society's money bags. They are in the whirl of a fine Horse Show this week in Vancouver, where the spirit of the West seems in good condition.

The engagement is announced in Winnipeg of Miss Edna Irene Wicker, daughter of the late B. F. Wicker, Esq., to Mr. Rankin Leslie, of Montreal, the wedding to take place in Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg on Wednesday, April 28th.

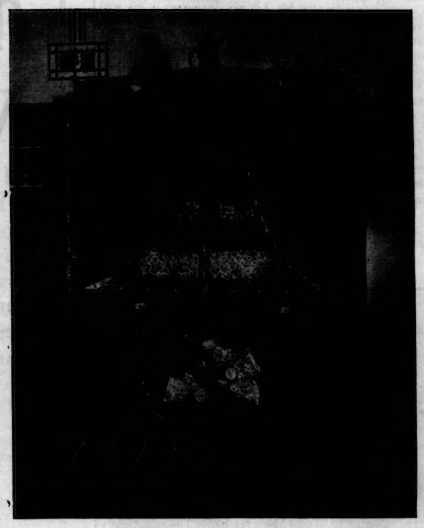
The concert given by the Marie Hall Company included, beside the famous young violiniste, Miss Lonie Basche and Mr. Howard Bealey, attracted a fair audience on Tuesday night. No one hearing Miss Marie Hall could have believed that she was very much fatigued by the journey from Winnipeg, only arriving here on Tuesday, and not having been able to sleep well *en route*. Recall after recall brought her back, and her assisting artists had also to part the curtains many times in answer to the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Miss Hall wore a pale blue soft satin gown, with gold girdle, and Miss Basche a white crepe gown with very deep lace bertha. After the concert a number of their friends, as usual, found their way behind the stage to say a regretful goodbye, for some years perhaps, to the very popular ladies who have given us all so much delight by their splendid playing. The More concert (in Ottawa) and then Ho! for the S. S. "Baltic" and good old England, "now that April's here" for the slender girl-wizard of the strings.

On next Monday evening there will be heard in Massey Hall a singer whose progress in old London has been watched for years by friends in Toronto. Miss Edith J. Miller is a Western girl, who spent some years in Toronto and won many a good friend during that time. She went to England and has worked faithfully, tactfully and successfully to establish herself there. Lord Strathcona was one of the best and most helpful friends the young Canadian found in London, but many others are now on her list, and Toronto friends are looking forward to seeing and hearing her on Monday.

Mrs. John Lyle held her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday afternoon, at her delightful new home in Avondale avenue, the first house built on that short and unfamiliar thoroughfare, which runs between Rosedale road and Park road. Carriage motors and pedestrians found the way to the bride's home, and shoals of smart callers paid her their first visit and were charmed with the new home and its beautiful mistress, one of the very prettiest brides of last season. Mrs. Lyle wore her wedding gown, and was assisted in the drawing room by her sister, Miss Moncrieff, of Petrolea. In the dining room, on the upper floor, Mrs. Allie Warden, nee Lyle, presided at the tea table (which was bridelike in a decoration of lily of the valley) wearing a mauve gown and hat. Another sister of the bride helped to look after the callers and Miss Braithwaite assisted her. From the cosy dining room people strayed into the long, lattice-windowed living room, with its wide hearth on which a little fire blazed, not unwelcome on a sunny but chill day. This living room has now become a necessity with up-to-date housekeepers, and Mrs. Lyle's is one of the most attractive in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter have gone to their summer place at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's aunt, 41 Huntley street, on Thursday afternoon, April 15, when Miss Ida Foster, only daughter of Mrs. Charlotte E. Foster, of 1 Linden street, became the wife of Mr. Harold Wilkinson, son of Mr. William Wilkinson. Rev. John Neil, D.D., of Westminster Presbyterian Church, officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Norman Foster, of the O. A. C., Guelph, wore her pretty travelling gown of golden colored Rajah silk with smart hat to match and carried a shower bouquet of orchids and lily of the valley. She wore a circlet of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Grace Petersen and Miss Constance Wilkinson, attired alike in dainty white frocks and large picture hats with pink rose-bud buckles and white plumes. They carried boquets of pink roses. Mr. Oliver Milkurn, of Peterborough, was the groomsman. Later Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilkinson left for New York and Atlantic City and upon their return will reside at No. 1 Linden street.



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A Doll's Shoe

By E. Lex O'Dee

(Written for Toronto Saturday Night.)

POISED by the deft fingers of the wind, the tiny shoe of red silk stood on the very crest of a drift, a crimson satin on the white of the snow. Marvelling how it could have come there, and how having got there it could have been overlooked, Richard Playter stepped out of the narrow path and waded through the snow towards it.

"For luck," he said, with a smile at his superstition, and put it carefully away in an inside pocket. If a clumsy horse-shoe were regarded as a harbinger of good fortune, this dainty little creation of silk and lace should surely foretell some great happiness; and in spite of himself he had a dim presentiment that it did.

"And Lord knows it is time I did have some luck," he said half aloud, as he continued his stroll across the little park.

To look at his stalwart figure and still youthful face, in spite of the grey hair at the temples, and to note his general air of prosperity and well-being, one would hardly have selected him as an object for sympathy. Successful banker and wealthy bachelor, with the most enviable business and social connections, his path might at first blush have been thought to lie in very pleasant places. But he took an entirely different view just at present, and it was to work off a fit of the "blue devils" that he was strolling about the little Ontario town in which he was detained on business. It was a prohibition town, too, and the general air of dejection which flangs about such places may have contributed somewhat to his poor spirits.

The little path ran onto the street just opposite a trim cottage of yellow brick, which peeped out between two enormous pine trees. These gave the place a cosy, well-clad air, which was heightened by an evergreen hedge. As Playter crossed the street, a rustic gate in the centre of this hedge was slowly tugged open, and a little girl slipped out with a fearsome peep back to see that she was not being followed. She was a chubby mite of four or five years old, and her costume was such that the man gasped in astonishment. Touzled yellow locks blew about unprotected in the wind, which wrapped her little house-frock tight about her. She had slippers on her tiny feet, and her plump little legs showed pink and bare above the tops of her short socks. She seemed to realize, however, that some compromise should be made with the winter day, for she dragged after her by one sleeve a little coat of white lamb. In the other arm pressed tight to her bosom she carried a round-eyed doll, whose costume even surpassed in scantiness that of her mistress, for she lacked the shoe to one foot. The little maid was weeping softly to herself, but she set out sturdily for the path across the park, with her slippered feet sliding about in the snow.

Playter was so taken by surprise at this unusual sight, that he allowed the child to pass him and get several yards away before he realized that she should be stopped.

"Ho, little girl!" he shouted after her. "Ho, there!"

The only answer she gave to his call was to start running with all the speed her little legs possessed. He took after her. Hearing his steps close behind she made one final effort; but it was in vain, for her feet slipped on the treacherous snow and she fell on her hands and knees, while poor dolly landed ignominiously on her head in the drift, a position which would be trying to any lady.

Playter picked the child up and brushed the snow off her, while she sobbed gently with her head against his shoulder. Then he extracted dolly and gave her a brushing, too.

"There now, there's dolly," he said. "Mustn't cry any more—nice little girls never cry."

She looked up at him somewhat doubtfully at this piece of juvenile psychology; but she dried her tears. She had big, brown eyes, this tot, and as he looked into them Playter felt an old pang he had thought gone forever. They reminded him of another pair of brown eyes—but that was an old and rather painful story, which he tried never to think of. He was quickly brought back from his reflections, however, by the mite trying to escape from his arms.

"No, no, mustn't do that," he said. Finding her efforts unavailing, she looked up pleadingly.

"Please, please, let Peggy go," she coaxed.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. If I did, Peggy would get cold and she might die and have to be put away in a big black hole, and everyone would be so sorry."

"You be sorry, too?" she asked.

"Why, yes, of course I would—very, very sorry." He wondered what was coming next.

"Then put Peggy's coat on," she said in a business-like tone, and turned her back to him to do it.

"Well, I am a muddle-headed idiot!" he said, as he helped her into the little jacket and buttoned it up

"Are 'oo?" asked Peggy with friendly interest.

"Yes, I am, my dear, and worse than that. But now you must come home to mamma."

Peggy saw that he was determined to take her back, and she burst into tears, at the same time struggling with all her puny might to get away.

"Bad—bad man," she sobbed, "won't let Peggy—get dolly's shoe."

It was then he noticed for the first time that dolly had only a single shoe, the exact mate of the one he had found.

"Oh, is that all?" he laughed, as he lifted her up in his arms, "why, I have dolly's shoe in my pocket."

But Peggy regarded this as an unworthy subterfuge, and she would not be comforted till he had put her down again and had dug it out. At last she was satisfied, and gripping it tight in her chubby fist, rode off quite contented on his shoulder.

A ruddy-cheeked maid answered Playter's ring. A glance at Peggy told her the story.

"Oh, oh," she cried, "you naughty—"

"Now don't make a fuss, Mary," said that self-possessed mite, "I des lost dolly's shoe, and I went out and got it."

There is no telling what Mary would have said next, but just then another person came on the scene. She was simply a grown-up Peggy, and it didn't need the child's gleeful shout of "Mamma! mamma!" as she ran with the shoe in triumph, to tell the relationship between them. She was a plump, pretty little woman, with smiling lips and smiling brown eyes, and the kind of hair that its owner "just can't do anything with," though it always delights everyone else. She was one of these dainty, bird-like little women, full of graceful, caressing ways, who make one smile to watch them fluttering about. But Playter did not smile. On the contrary, after one long, intent look at her face, he had shrunk back into the shadow of the doorway, while she hovered over the unrepentant Peggy and gave hurried orders for a change of socks and slippers and a hot drink. Mary took the tot up in her arms and started off up the stairs with her. Peggy looked back over her shoulder and saw Playter in the corner.

"Doodbye, man," she chirped. "Fank you so much!"

He made no answer—did not even hear her—but kept his eyes fixed on her mother, who now turned round to him.

"Oh, excuse me," she said. "I was so busy I forgot to thank you for—"

"Margaret!" His voice was so husky as to be almost inarticulate.

"I beg your pardon—" and she peered up into the shadow where he stood.

"Don't you know—have you forgotten everything?"

Her face grew pale, and a frightened look came into the brown eyes. She came a step closer and then she recognized him.

"You—you!" she said.

"Yes—I. You don't seem very glad to see old friends again."

She made no answer, but kept her eyes fastened on his.

"You surely are not afraid of me—are you?" His tone was growing bitter.

She still was silent, though her lips quivered painfully, and she put her hand over them to hide their trembling. He made a helpless gesture.

"I won't—bother you any longer. I see it is painful to you, and I will go. I had hoped that when we met again—we would be able to—to greet one another in kindness. But—but now good-bye!" And he turned to go.

"No—no, don't," she said, laying a detaining hand on his arm. "Forgive me—I did not mean to be unkind. It was merely—the surprise of seeing you again so suddenly."

He stood irresolutely.

"You went once before that way," she continued, "you have no reason now."

"Then you admit there was reason before?" he asked with sudden bitterness.

She flushed, and the tremor came back to her lips

"The only reason was in your own mind. But let us not talk about that now. There surely are many other things we have to say—after seven years."

She led the way to the parlor and he followed, though with evident reluctance. And when they sat down he took a chair across the room from her. She noticed it, and smiled a little wearily.

"Aren't you very vindictive—Richard?" she said.

"I don't think so—God knows I try not to be. But I can't forget—"

"You can't forget what?" though she knew well what he meant, and it pained her to know it.

"Oh, don't make me talk in vapid heroics, and say that you spoiled my life."

She raised her eyes and they met his unwaveringly.

"Especially as it isn't true," she said firmly.

He waved his hand impatiently.

"What's the use arguing about a word? All I know is that my dearest hopes were once centred in you, and—and you disappointed them. That's all. Perhaps it is foolish to call that spoiling my life. I don't mean that I have spent my time since then pining about it. In fact in the last few years I had begun to think I had buried it forever—the old love and the old sorrow. But seeing you in this unexpected way has brought it all back to me."

"All?" she asked softly.

"Yes—in memory." His tone was slightly ironical.

She looked down nervously at her tightly clasped hands in her lap. There was a long pause.

"Did you ever try to place yourself in my position—in all this?" she asked finally.

"Your position has always been very clear to me."

"No—only your mistaken idea of my position. You are a good man, Richard, but you have no imagination. Perhaps that is why they say you are such a successful banker."

"I believe I heard you say that once before"

"So you have not forgotten any of the incidents of that miserable quarrel. They have impressed themselves on your mind, and you have never been able to see anything else. I waited and longed for you to make up. But you never came. You went to Europe instead. And even then, when I went down to the depot to see you go away—hoping you would relent at the last moment you—you coldly bowed to me and never said a word."

She paused, but he sat gazing out of the window at the snow-laden pines, and he made no answer.

"And then came poor father's death," she went on more hurriedly. I thought that then at least you—but no letter came."

"I—I didn't know," he stammered. "That news came with—with the announcement of your wedding."

"You didn't hear it before that?" she cried.

"No—you don't suppose I would have passed it over in silence, do you?"

"Forgive me," she said brokenly, "I thought you did it because you were angry."

"You see, I am not the only one who has misjudged."

"No, we have both been terribly in the wrong. And it was all so needless. You had no reason in the world to think I was in love with Arthur—"

"But I was sure you were," he said, half to himself, "and I was shocked when I learned you had married someone else."

"And have you never guessed why I refused him?"

"You loved the man you married, I suppose."

She flushed painfully.

"I refused him—because he had come between us."

"Margaret—Margaret—you don't mean—you still cared for me?"

She did not look up, but she nodded her head.

"But you married another man."

"Do you reproach me with that after leaving me as you did?"

"No—no, I begin to see how wrong

(Concluded on page 19.)

Thoroughly Cooked Food

ALL cereals should be thoroughly cooked to get the best results for food purposes. In our Canadian Agricultural Colleges they have tested the effect of cooking on the solubility of foods:

Read this table:

ROLLED OATS	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.	WHEAT FLOUR	P.C. Solids Soluble in Water.
Time Cooked.		Time Cooked.	
Uncooked	8.43	Uncooked	6.97
30 minutes	14.95	20 minutes	37.40
2 hours	18.79	2 hours	37.19
5 hours	29.93	5 hours	38.37
8 hours	34.30	8 hours	39.99

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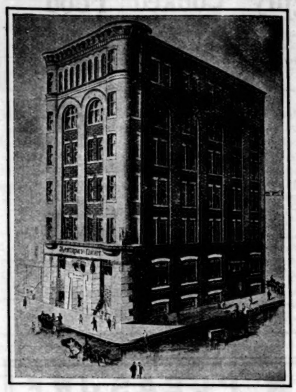

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Vol. 22 Toronto, Canada, April 24, 1909, No. 28

!?• Points About People •?!

The Penalty of Greatness.

GEORGE H. HAM, the genial, whole-souled head of the C.P.R.'s publicity department, is justifiably proud of his title as the best known and wittiest man in all Canada. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches, however. Mr. Ham realized this in June of 1906 when travelling through the West with the Canadian Women's Press Club. That organization and the circus reached Calgary on the same day, escaping, by the way, without any inferences being drawn by The Eye Opener.

Anxious always that everybody should have a good time, Mr. Ham set about to amuse a couple of the press women who had missed connection with a picnic given in the Club's honor. Brimming over with cheerfulness, as he always is whether accompanying crowned heads of Europe, notables from foreign shores, or ordinary everyday newspaper men of this continent on their Western tours, he was a conspicuous figure, and kept up a running fire of pleasantries in an effort to make the forsaken damsels forget their disappointment.

Gradually the clouds of sorrow lifted. They disappeared altogether in a burst of laughter when the clown on top of a gaily decorated caravan let his painted grin expand into a smile of recognition, and, with a skip of pure delight and a frantic waving of his white clad arms to attract attention, shouted down to Mr. Ham:

"Why, hello George!!!"

Banquet to Members of Our First Parliament.

AN interesting banquet was held at the Parliamentary restaurant at Ottawa on Wednesday evening of this week. It was tendered by the Canadian Club of Ottawa to the surviving Senators and members of the First Parliament of Canada, convened at the Capital on November 6, forty-two years ago. Ottawa at that time had a population of from 17,000 to 20,000. Sir Charles Dilke, who passed through the city in 1869, says of it in his book, "Greater Britain": "The capital of the new Dominion is to be Ottawa, known as 'Hole in the Woods' among the friends of Toronto and Montreal, and once called Bytown. It consists of the huge Parliament house, the Government printing offices, some houseless wildernesses meant for streets, and the hotel where the Members of the Legislature 'board.' Such was the senatorial throng at the moment of my visit, that we were thrust into a detached building made of half-inch planks, with wide openings between the boards; and as the French-Canadian members were excited about the resignation of Mr. Galt, indescribable chattering and bawling filled the house."

Sir Richard Cartwright, one of those in whose honor the banquet was given, recently recalled an experience of his own, which was typical of the difficulties of travel in those days. There was only one line of railway into Ottawa—the narrow gauge cott. There was no rail connection between the pro-Ottawa and Prescott line, 54 miles in length, from Presvinces. As to the Ottawa line, Sir Richard said: "I can remember," he said, "being on a train which took four days to make its way from Prescott to Ottawa, and that train had on board, besides myself, the then Minister of Finance of Canada and the manager of the Grand Trunk Railway."

It was through the great Duke of Wellington that Ottawa became a community, as he, in 1812, marked it as the military key to Canada. It was with the idea of strengthening the position as a base of communication that the Rideau canal was begun in 1824. And on December 31, 1857 the announcement of the selection of a capital was made. On August 1, 1860, the King, then Prince of Wales, laid the corner stone of the present Parliament buildings. The departmental offices were removed from Quebec to Ottawa in 1865, and the first session of the Legislature of Canada was held in Ottawa in 1866. Hon. R. W. Scott, another veteran for whom the Ottawa banquet is being given, had the honor of drafting the address to Her late Majesty setting forth the advantages of Ottawa for the seat of government upon which the decision was made. On the union of Canada with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, a clause was embodied in the British North America Act which provides that "until the Queen otherwise directs, the seat of government of Canada shall be at Ottawa."

She Tore the Stamp in Two.

IGNORANCE of the postal laws is responsible for many funny mistakes, but perhaps the most amusing was made a few days ago by a young girl who is a school teacher in a small town in Parry Sound district.

She wanted to send a couple of Easter cards to some friends in Toronto, and after she had written her messages and addressed the cards she discovered that she had only one two-cent stamp. Reasoning with truly feminine logic, she came to the conclusion that half of a two-center equals a one cent stamp, and she immediately tore her two-center in two, sticking half of it on each card. Then she dropped them into the box with a sense of having displayed rather unusual resourcefulness.

But her friends in Toronto had to pay the postage at the dead letter office in Toronto, and the clerks in that graveyard of much mail had a hearty laugh at the innocence of the backwoods teacher.

Sized up the "Loud" Coat.

IN a downtown office in Toronto a few days ago one of the men appeared with a new spring overcoat which immediately got a reputation for being the "loudest" thing in the office in many a month. Much fun was poked at the wearer, but it was all good-natured fun.

The best of the remarks hurled at the new garment was made by one of the youngsters of the office, who has a local reputation as a sayer of bright things. This young man on seeing the coat for the first time on its owner took a good look at it and then feelingly quoted the name of a melodrama which appeared in Toronto a short time ago. It was, "Why Girls Leave Home."

From time to time amazing revelations have been made regarding the condition of the Turkish navy, and these must have prepared Admiral Gamble, the British officer entrusted with the task of the reorganization of the fleet, for some surprises when he came to investigate matters. If there is any truth in the latest reports from Constantinople, he must surely have been nonplussed by the condition in which he found a certain vessel. It appears that the Turkish sailors had turned the whole of the quarter deck into a kitchen garden, in which an excellent crop of cabbages and artichokes was flourishing. The crew had become so absorbed in their gardening operations that they had entirely overlooked their naval duties. The state of the vessel can be imagined.

The Founders of the "Canada First" Party

George T. Denison Toronto

Robert G. Haliburton (deceased) Halifax N.S.

Henry J. Morgan Ottawa

William A. Foster (deceased) Toronto

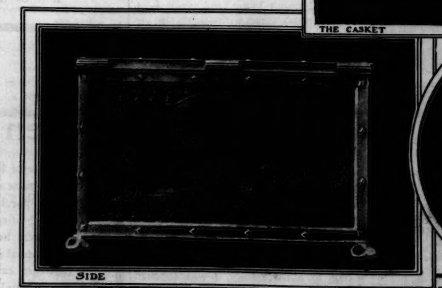
Charles Mair Lanark Ont

WHEN Colonel George T. Denison's new book, "The Struggle for Imperial Unity," was reviewed in these columns recently it was noted that, in the opinion of the author, the growth of Imperialism in Canada began with the organization of the Canada First party by five young men in 1868. In the spring of that year, soon after Confederation, Colonel Denison spent some time in Ottawa, where he and a young Toronto lawyer, Wm. A. Foster, were introduced by a mutual friend, Dr. Henry J. Morgan, to Charles Mair, of Lanark, Ont., and Robert J. Haliburton, of Halifax, eldest son of the famous author of "Sam Slick." These five young men were congenial spirits, bubbling over with patriotism, and they became close friends. They met almost nightly at Dr. Morgan's rooms, where they discussed the future of the new Dominion. As Colonel Denison says in his book: "It ended in our making a solemn pledge to each other that we would do all we could to advance the interests of our native land; that we would put our country first, before all personal, or political, or party consideration." Some years afterwards they chose for their association the name "Canada First."

Through the courtesy of Dr. Morgan, of Ottawa, photographs of the Canada First group, at the time they initiated the movement, are reproduced on this page, and they are interesting indeed. These patriotic idealists were then young men about twenty-eight years of age, excepting Haliburton, who was four or five years older. They were all true to their chivalrous pledge. Foster and Haliburton have passed away, but all their lives they worked with energy to stimulate the growth of a Canadian national spirit. The others look with satisfaction on the proportions that growth has attained since those early days. Dr. Morgan still lives in Ottawa, and writes on patriotic themes, and from time to time recalls interesting reminiscences of the spirited "struggle," of which Colonel Denison has been telling us his own recollections. As to the Colonel himself he seems as young and vigorous as he was when he stood for his picture forty years ago. Indeed to see him walking briskly, as he does every morning rain or shine, from his home, "Heydon Villa," in the far west of the city, to the Toronto Police Court, one finds it hard to believe that forty years have passed over his head since that time.

Silver Casket presented to J. M. Courtney, Esq., C.M.G., by the National Battlefields Commission, in acknowledgment of his services as honorary treasurer of the Commission. As can be seen from the illustrations the casket, which is 8 1-4 inches long and 5 3-8 inches high, is a fine piece of workmanship.

THE CASKET



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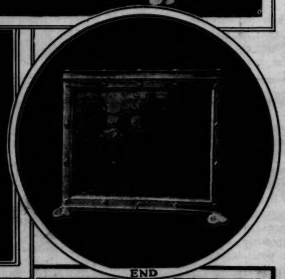

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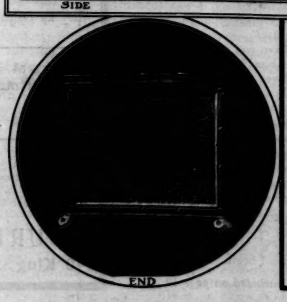

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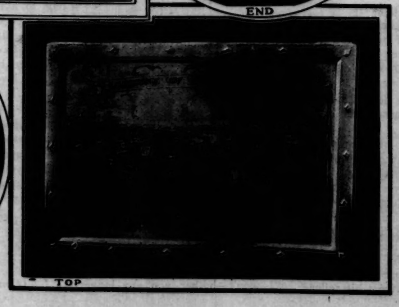

TOP

"The People's Jimmy" in the Spotlight.

HON. JAMES STODDART DUFF, though the newest Minister of the Whitney Cabinet, has been in the limelight quite a long time, and isn't specially shy. But he had a little experience a few weeks ago that was rather embarrassing even to one of his experience.

It was on the occasion of one of the several dinner and theatre parties to which George H. Gooderham, M.P.P. for South Toronto, entertained the members during the session. Hon. Mr. Duff was one of the honored guests and after dining sumptuously at the National Club they occupied a box at Shea's. Everything went nicely until the gay little comedienne came out to sing her song entitled, "I Want Only You." Then she turned the halo of her strong spot-light right on the blushing countenance of Mr. Duff, and the scene was more amusing to his fellow-legislators than to the Minister of Agriculture.

But in view of the fact that an abundant good nature is one of the outstanding characteristics of the newest Minister, he enjoyed it, too, even though he may have had a suspicion that some of the facetious members had told the girl where to put the spot-light.

Thought Sir James Was the Doorkeeper.

OF course we have all heard about the humble toiler who didn't know the railway president and talked back to him, just as though he was an ordinary mortal, and then got his salary raised for his devotion to duty. But it was an experience of a slightly different nature which happened to Sir James Whitney, Prime Minister of Ontario, the other day.

It was near one o'clock and Sir James was going to lunch. As everyone who has ever had business at the Premier's office knows, there is a desk just outside the outer door and there the faithful Charles Chase presides to steer visitors within the portals or to steer others away. But at this particular moment the chair was vacant and Sir James sat down to write a note.

Enter a gentleman on business.

"Say, where will I find——" he began in important tones as he approached the desk, but the man there didn't even look up.

"Hi, there, you," called the visitor in more peremptory tones, approaching closer. Then the man did look up.

"WHAT?" demanded Sir James, in his most dignified manner.

Then the gentleman saw his mistake.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, raising his hat hurriedly and often and bowing profusely. But Sir James wasn't really annoyed.

The Panama Canal

Isthmus of Panama

By J. W. BARRY

A STREET IN CHEPO, NEAR PANAMA

VILLAGE NEAR PANAMA

RUINS OF OLD PANAMA DESTROYED BY MORGAN IN 1671

THE CATHEDRAL PANAMA-1689

THE Panama Canal, to be concise, will comprise a lake 25 miles long, suspended 85 feet above the sea level, brought about by the construction of mighty dams which will keep the waters of the hills and the Chagres River blocked up, so as to form a gigantic lake covering 110 square miles. Locks at both the Pacific and Atlantic ends will lift vessels up to this 85-foot elevation. If the autumnal rains fail to keep this lake full, then the whole scheme is fruitless, unless salt water is pumped up. The United States Government is exercising the utmost care in this regard to prevent any untoward events happening, by constructing reservoirs for an enormous water reserve. This reserve will mean to the canal in dry seasons what a bank's reserve means in times of financial panic.

Within the lake area which is to be, are at present hundreds of native houses and the double-tracked Panama Railway. When the lake is filled up, a process which it is said, will require the rainfalls for two years after its completion, these will be from 30 to 40 feet under water. A new railway is therefore to be built on the edge of this artificial lake, which conveys to the observer an idea what an enormous contract the work of the canal is.

The Panama Railway is operated and controlled by the United States, and is a credit to them. Trains whizz by each other with the velocity of trains running between Toronto and Hamilton, which, by the way, is about the same distance as the canal itself. The approaches to the canal's locks are at sea-level, but beyond this no sea-water is to be used. The fresh water will fall either way to operate the locks, which gives one a pretty fair idea what a huge quantity of water will be required the year round. Rain statistics, however, based upon a period of years, go to show that there is no lack of supply. The locks, three on the Atlantic side, and two at the Pacific end, are to be each as long as Yonge street between King and Queen streets—1,000 feet. These embrace with the dams the main work incident to the canal's construction, and the cutting off of 10,000 miles.

The great Gatun locks on the Atlantic side, as the amateur scribe would say, "beggar description." They are the most important section of the work, and will cost eighteen million dollars to construct. Four and a half million barrels of cement will be required at this point alone. Here the work, even to see, is difficult to understand, let alone believe. Consequently, blessed are they in Toronto who have not seen, yet believe.

The various cuts are fabulous—too great for description, or even to photograph except with a very large camera. From the train's windows the workmen at the bottom of the Culebra section—the largest cut, originally as high as the spire of St. James' Cathedral—looked like little black ants, and locomotives, comparable to thimbles.

There are 50,000 men employed on the work of cutting North and South America in two; an enormous army, but when divided into gangs of 500 to the mile, there does not look to be too many on the job. The majority of them look healthy. Every means known to medical science to make the canal zone habitable has been focused upon this part of the world—even to a 6-inch pipe line laid the whole distance across the isthmus to insure a bountiful supply of oil with which to float pools of stagnant water where mosquitoes are wont to breed. These little pests are known to carry disease in plentiful supply; consequently the windows and verandahs of the houses are completely enclosed with fine wire screens. Thousands of yards of this material are to be seen everywhere in the zone.

The white labor on the canal represents the brains, and the colored labor the muscle. No white man could handle a pick and shovel here and live, and a large portion of the colored labor is from Jamaica, although many hail from other parts of the earth. The district is a huge dustpan, for we are all made of dust, except millionaires and art critics.

One of the interesting spots on the canal is the "graveyard," where do congregate the various old French machinery of the De Lesseps Co. It is pathetic to see this pile of junk rusting in its idleness, but a gladsome sight to the rag-and-old-metal-man, were he given a chance to get at it. These old engines represent a period of mismanagement and disaster, or a loss of $260,000,000, to the French. De Lesseps carried the construction of the Suez Canal to success, but he fell down hopelessly here and died of a broken heart. Corruption became so rampant at Panama that new machinery no sooner arrived than it was sunk in the marshes, so that commission could be gained on new orders. But this regime is over. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces," and new ones take their places, symbolic of American energy. There are no parasites here except on the trees.

Some of the old French machinery rotting in the "Grave Yard."

The greatest obstacle to be overcome in the construction of the Panama Canal is the terrific heat. While you in Toronto, or the men on our very own Newmarket Canal, are shivering with the winds of spring, it is 90 degrees in the shade here during the day, with a sun beating down that would fry a Southdown chop in five minutes. Think, then, you men of the North, what it means to even control the lever of a hot locomotive, let alone swing a pick. Even a "real" $100 Panama hat will not keep you cool. This perpetual Turkish bath must be beaten down by sheer force of will and determination; this is what the Panamians are doing.

It is expected by not a few that this herculean task will be finished by 1915, but I doubt if any one living can calculate to a year just when the "last spike will be driven." "It is a world's work and must be finished," thinks every true American. It is a work that will do more to form true national character in the United States than any event that happened since that sacred struggle in the Lincoln epoch.

It is not only possible, but probable, that within a few years an inland ship canal will connect the Great Lakes with the Mississippi River. Then, indeed, will it be possible for steamships to carry products from Toronto through the Gulf of Mexico, via the Panama Canal, to Pacific and Asian ports. Such a revolution in transportation dazzles the mind. Yet it is no riot of the imagination, it is almost within reach.

Benefit to Canadian Actress.

THE Canadian actress, Clara Morris, was last week tendered a benefit in New York, in which over fifty prominent members of the theatrical profession took part. Though it was not revealed that she was originally from Toronto—and the fact is known to comparatively few—Miss Morris herself states so in her volume of reminiscences, and it is also recorded in William Winter's "Shadows of the Stage." In the speech which Miss Morris made in acknowledging the kindness of her friends she related something of the conditions which prevailed when she went on the stage as part of the "ballet" or supernumery force of the old Lyceum in this city. She said that long, long ago when she took this step she received the munificent salary of fifty cents a night. Some of the older women told her that when an actress began to grow old the interest of the public in her career ceased and that when her hair turned gray she was relegated to the dramatic dust heap. Miss Morris then turned a very pretty compliment to the vast audience which greeted her, by saying that she realized by their presence that these statements were untrue.

Among the many artists who took part it is interesting to note that there was at least one fellow Canadian, Mr. William Courtleigh, who hails originally from Guelph, Ont., and who in company with Virginia Harned, Frances Starr, Lawrence D'Orsay, E. M. Holland, Edwin Arden and others took part in an act of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It is also interesting to note that the highest price paid for a box was by another Canadian actress since retired from the stage, Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, of Boston, formerly known to fame as Miss Julia Arthur. For this box she paid the munificent sum of $250, which helped to swell the total of $3,200 realized.

A Marvellous Life Story.

CAREFUL reading of the English newspapers brings one from time to time on stories of real life that are truly stranger than fiction. The story of William Roupell, an ex-member of the British House of Commons, who died the other day, is one of these. He was eighty years of age, and at Streatham, where he lived for the last quarter of a century, he was known as a kindly, benevolent old gentleman—an artistic gardener. Yet this man committed in early life a series of crimes—forgeries, perjuries and frauds—almost without parallel. He was the natural son of a man of wealth. At the age of twenty-seven he entered the office of his father in London as a solicitor. Later he was elected to Parliament, and showed many signs of promise. On his father's death in 1856, however, he forged a will which gave him possession of a big estate, which should have gone to his father's legitimate son. Then he sold the entire property, valued at from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, and used the money to pay his debts and live in a wildly extravagant style. Finally, when there was nothing left, he divulged to his legitimate brother, Richard Roupell, the fact that the will under which he had obtained possession of the property was a forgery, and that consequently those to whom he had made the sales or conveyances had no right to the money.

Then followed a remarkable suit in the courts. Roupell appeared and coolly gave his testimony, confessing all, and concluding, according to press reports of the time: "I am a living paradox, my lord, and no one has a clue to the solution of it. I cannot hope that I shall ever be understood. It is not true that I am personally extravagant. It is not true that I have gambled. It is not true that I am a libertine. I confessed my whole guilt before I left England to gentlemen. I offered to surrender. I said I confess my guilt. I had made no provision for myself, and intended to make none. I wished only to retrieve the past. I was answered, 'We don't believe your statement. We think it is a cleverly concocted tale to provide for your family.'"

Roupell was sentenced to penal servitude for life, but returned to England twenty-five years ago.

The Chinook Wind.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

(*Written for Toronto Saturday Night.*)

IT is Wednesday night, but as recently as Sunday the north-east gales were roaring down from the Hudson's Bay, cutting through an atmosphere for which zero is a moderate term. The great prairie provinces were shut in a silence of speechless snows, of voiceless ice; the long, long winter refused to be dethroned. But on Monday morning one awakened with the odd desire to tear the double windows from their frames, and get a breath of the great outside. Something unseen, unanticipated, had happened through the night hours.

You hasten out of bed, amazed that your teeth do not chatter together, as they have done for the last four months while you have scrambled through a hurried sponge in harsh alkali water. As you descend the stair you notice that the front door stands open, and for the first time in many weeks you dare to pass through it without innumerable clumsy wraps. Once outside, your arms instinctively outstretch themselves towards the further golden west. A warm, velvety, blowing world envelopes you. You cry out in a delirium of relief, grasping it by the armful, the palmful; for it is a tangible thing that you clutch with hungry fingers—clutch and keep, to absorb through every pore, inhale through every valve—it is the blessed, blessed chinook wind. Before its exquisite softness, the unrelenting winter capitulates within an hour. Its ermine garments melt to nothingness, its icy fortresses crumble and fade, its dynasty is doomed, and Spring, the Conqueror, is marching up the south-western trails with her flower-bugles blowing, and the music of a thousand wings heralding her approach.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

On Monday day vanished between two blazing sun-dogs. Upright they stood in the west—two brilliant bars of green, bordered with orange, and flanked with crimson—while the yellow sun dropped down between them, and the eastern horizon lay, belted with that translucid blue, crested with that inimitable rose that is never seen except in the Prairie Provinces. Then night crept over the plains.

The harsh nip of her erstwhile freezing teeth has given place to the soft pressure of her chinook-chastened lips; she slips about silently, kissing this little snowy hummock, caressing that little icebound slough, and Tuesday morning dawns with the far horizon showing ridges of warm russet prairie earth, the sloughs circled with rims of white alkali in place of snow and ice, the trails, black and bare, wandering into the distant sky-line.

"And the dawn comes up like thunder." Was Kipling writing of the spring in Saskatchewan? For that is the way it arrives, sailing in on the wings of the chinook wind as a beautiful sea-bird sails home at sunset. Here no dreary rainy season mars the incoming of April. There are no days of inertia, or lassitude. Spring bursts upon you like a storm, and its exhilaration sweeps you into the mad beauty of its career down the prairies, until you feel yourself one with the awakening world, and realize that not only these countless leagues of level lands have been in repose for many moons, but that you too have been asleep.

And as mid-day climbs into the zenith, spring puts its seal on the world about you, its royal hallmark of permanency—the prairie mirage—that crystal wonder, which hedges you in on all sides with a loveliness no eastern eye will ever behold in the Land of the Morning. A calm, still lake lies between you and this horizon. It is violet-tinted, and limpid as a child's eyes. About its borders crowd tall, straight trees, whose tops melt into the skies far overhead. You may travel through numberless hours over hopeless miles, but the lake lies ever before you—you will never reach its shores. It is the spring land of the vision—unreal, unattainable, but none the less lovely for its being always just beyond us.

And this golden morning, just three days after the first sweep of the chinook wind, we found beautiful little coral coloured flowers looking up at us from the open prairie, and a little further on some starry, purple blossoms down near an oozing muskeg. Later on these will be replaced by the rarely delicate "prairie orchid," whose mauve pitcher will be dotted with brown velvet disks, its perfumeless lip lined with golden satin, and its vandyked collar dyed in green and cloudy grey. Near by it the holy-willow will exhale its exquisite fragrance, and beyond the Saskatoon berries will form into tiny clusters, awaiting the ripening suns of summer. Out on the banks of the South Saskatchewan the flat blades of cactus are flattening their winter-wrinkled sides; their snow-bleached thorns are resuming a robust brownness. In a few weeks yellow and salmon coloured flowers will envelope these forbidding growths, and within a stone's throw of them will arise a tent-like field of mushrooms, pearly and pink as a shell.

Within the bubble of the foothills the wild crocus is already showing its purple buds within a filigree cobweb of green, and up in the Rockies the clustering masses of wild syringa bushes are drawing their sap into the furthermost tips of their pent-up branches. They are preparing for the glory of the late springtime, when their wealth of flower and fragrance will almost brush the windows of the great transcontinental trains. The little prairie blossoms come earlier than mountain glories, perhaps because the winter has driven us with such untempered lashes that we need the solace of the spring more sorely. The shackman is already unbanking the sods from about the foundations of his little homestead, for ploughing will begin next week, and his time may not be spent making household improvements; his corner of the world's granary must be supplied. The work hour of his year has arrived, and with it his bunch of shaggy horses that have wintered along the poplar bluff, toughening their hides to the open prairie, and growing a two-inch coat of hair that must now be curried out if they are to be in shape at harvest time.

But to one man only does the chinook wind come as a death knell. It is he, in the far north, who is driving a dog-train into one of the many Hudson's Bay posts. At the first hint of brown earth through the snow, he urges on his lean pack of huskies, driving them for every ounce of speed they possess. His pack sled is laden with the richest furs of the north, and the day the snow goes hope of reaching "the post" goes also. To him the brilliancy of the sun-dogs, the warmth of the chinook wind are as things accursed. He drives, coaxes, curses, lashes, and pets his huskies. He stops for but a fraction of the specified time for food and sleep; his animals grow lean, gaunt, snappy, and uncertain-tempered. The trail grows soggy, the sun warmer, the miles longer, until at last the dogs, bleating and exhausted, pull a dead weight of a pack over bare ground into the "H. B. C." and a well nigh beaten driver explains to the chief factor that "The cursed chinook wind caught me."

But to-night just after sundown, the chinook wind caught something else, caught it in its zephyrous arms and swept it far above us, overhead; it is the first band of wild geese winging into the north, the unfailing promise of our prairie spring.

He Got the Fifty.

A STORY running through banking circles this week is to the effect that Mr. C. D. Warren, president of the Traders Bank, found himself short of funds in a little Ontario settlement the other day. Presenting a cheque for fifty dollars at the express office he was eyed with suspicion by the clerk.

"He looks honest, but he's a swell dresser an' might be one of them flim-flam fellers you read about," reasoned the village representative of the express company whose corner in the general store was also used as post office. He had heard "the boys," when they called for the mail, talk about just such tricks as this might be, "an' fifty dollars was a hull lot of money." Therefore he demanded satisfactory identification.

Realizing that argument was useless and his cards of not much greater value, Mr. Warren searched in vain through pocket after pocket. Finally he let his fingers rest and made a mental research of his brain—the treasure house of all great men.

"I know!" said he almost instantly. "Have you a Traders Bank bill in the till? Let's see it."

After a few seconds' fumbling, a five dollar note was produced and spread upon the counter.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Warren, emphasizing the point with an emphatic first finger. "*That's* my picture and *that's* my signature."

Compensation.

By James P. Haverson.

BEHOLD the builder of a trust—
He's very rich and proud to see,
His coffers simply bulge with dust;
My debts will be the death of me.

Though he is rich while I am bust,
One blissful thought fills me with glee—
When he is dead and turned to dust
He'll be no dustier than me.

A MOTOR TRIP IN EUROPE

By WM. DOBIE

President of the Ontario Motor League.

HAVING been requested by the automobile editor of SATURDAY NIGHT to write something concerning a recent motor trip in Europe, I will endeavor to carry out the promise that was made.

Our party was composed of nine Toronto people, headed by Mr. J. C. Eaton. The trip from Toronto to New York was made luxuriously in his private car "Eatonia." We sailed on the famous Lusitania, and the day we left a crowd estimated by the New York press at from 20,000 to 25,000 people had gathered to see the departure of this noted ship. The voyage was uneventful and made in record-breaking time. Some foggy weather was encountered and some rough seas, but none of our party was affected, and all were able to eat three meals a day, with something else between, about eleven and four. We supplied the ship's orchestra with the words and music of "The Maple Leaf," which they usually played each evening while dinner was being served, and the passengers, regardless of nationality, joined in singing the words with a will.

To describe the trip of our party in detail would require more space than SATURDAY NIGHT has placed at my disposal, so I will merely give a rough outline as to where we went and what we saw between the time we landed in Liverpool and the time we sailed from Queenstown, Ireland, to return to America.

Most of the travelling done by our party while on the other side was in motor cars, and I must assume it is almost unnecessary to remark that that means of transportation is superior to any other if one wishes to see the cities, towns and country properly. It does away with the difficulty of catching and waiting for trains, to say nothing about the question of baggage. For a party travelling by automobile can usually—barring trouble with tires and a few other things—arrange the time of arrival and departure to suit their convenience, and as the luggage is carried in the cars there is never any delay in getting it.

About the roads in England it is unnecessary to say anything. If there are better ones they are, in my opinion, to be found in Wales. We made the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool our headquarters for five days, and during that time made interesting trips to Wales, Chester (where the grand old Chester Cathedral is located, the older parts of which were built in 1009), Blackpool, a wonderful seaside resort, and to Knowsley Hall, the seat of the late Earl of Derby, who is lovingly remembered by Canadians as a former Governor-General and who at that time, which was prior to the death of his father, was known as Lord Stanley. We were fortunate in having letters which enabled us to see the interesting parts of the interior, it including a wonderful library of seven or eight large rooms filled from floors to ceilings with choice and valuable books. This estate is surrounded by a high stone wall twelve miles in length. After finally leaving Liverpool on the way to London, our first stop was at the New Midland Hotel in Manchester. One day here was devoted to a trip to Stoke-on-Trent, which is in the heart of the English pottery district, and visits to the potteries proved to be exceedingly interesting, so much so that I know one lady of the party has since then made a special study of this line of work and has succeeded nicely. In leaving Manchester for London we pulled away from the hotel at 8 a.m., in a dense fog, and arrived at Hotel Metropole in London, that evening at 8 o'clock, having covered a distance of 194 miles.

While the roads in England and also in continental countries generally are superior to our Canadian brand, yet the surfaces are so very hard that automobilists who contemplate making a tour of this kind should calculate on having considerable tire trouble. They might not have it, but it is safer to figure they will. It is unusual to see any but metal studded tires there, even on the cheaper machines.

Members of Ontario Motor League should not fail to procure letters of introduction from the secretary here, to the Royal Automobile Club with which we are affiliated, and present them in London at 112 Piccadilly W. Such letters will give our members all the privileges enjoyed by members of that celebrated club. One great advantage is it will do away with trouble connected with taking cars from one country to another, and bringing them back into England again.

We made London our temporary home, and a very homelike home it was. From there we made many interesting trips in the motor cars, the longest one being to Edinburgh, Scotland, which is nearly five hundred miles. This trip we made over the great North road, returning by a different route through Glasgow. On our way north the first night was spent at Grantham, and before arriving there we stopped for our evening meal at a famous inn, "The Old George," in Stamford, a place where Sir Walter Scott frequently stayed, and a favorite place, in his day, of King Charles the First.

When travelling by automobile in England after dark it is impossible to avoid killing hares by the hundred unless something is done to frighten them off. They seem to be attracted by and run towards the powerful head-lights. To overcome this I bought a special siren whistle, which kept them away.

The day we left Grantham we made a two hundred mile trip through a heavy rain to Newcastle-on-Tyne, but notwithstanding the rain all agreed it had been a very enjoyable day. Before leaving Grantham we learned some interesting things about the old inn we stayed at. It is called "The Angel and Royal Inn." We saw the room known as the King's Chamber, where we were told King John held his Court in the year 1213, and where on October 19, 1483, Richard III signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham. From Newcastle-on-Tyne to Edinburgh we had good weather and a pleasant trip, stopping at Berwick-on-Tweed for luncheon. This town is the last one in England on this route. The scenery from there to Edinburgh is grand, the road for quite a distance being on high land and either close to or within sight of the ocean. Of course all were delighted with Edinburgh and everything seen there, including the wonderful Edinburgh Castle. We saw the old house where John Knox lived from 1559 until his death in 1572. It is now used as a bookstore. We also saw Sir Walter Scott's old house (39 Castle street), where he lived and received many famous guests from 1800 until 1826. We also, of course, visited Holyrood Palace.

The trip from Edinburgh to Glasgow is a pleasant one. The return route from Glasgow to London took us through Hamilton, Larkhall, Lesmahagow, Abington, Moffat, Lockerbie, Ecclefechan and Gretna Green to Carlisle; then to Buxton. Here we stayed at "The Hall," a 300 years-old hotel. One of our party occupied a room which we were told Mary Queen of Scots occupied shortly before she was beheaded. From Buxton we travelled through a beautiful section of country—the Switzerland of England. We passed "Haddon Hall," a place of romantic interest. Soon after leaving Leicester we saw Lord Woolsley's Castle. We got back to London without anything disagreeable happening except a couple of common ordinary blow-outs (tires of course).

After remaining a while in London we left for Paris. Our hotel there was the grand Elysee Palace, located on the Avenue des Champs Elysee. Between seeing the gay city by daylight and also by other kinds of lights, and making trips to Fontainebleau, Versailles and other places, we were kept quite busy for ten days. A peculiar feature about Paris is that it is surrounded by a wall, or combination wall and fence with gates on roads leading out of the city, and this wall is treated, as far as customs regulations are concerned, the same as the border line between countries. Petrel (gasoline) is expensive in Paris and much cheaper outside. In driving out it is necessary to declare the quantity that happens to be in a tank, and go through the same performance upon returning, the object being to prevent smuggling any into the city. In some continental countries, petrel is very expensive—as high as 75c. per gallon.

From Paris we went to Switzerland, and from there to Germany and Belgium. From Brussels to Calais and across the English Channel to Dover, England, and London. After returning to England, we made several more interesting trips from London.

One day was spent at the celebrated Brooklands track, where we saw some wonderful motor races. This track was specially constructed for the purpose at a cost of millions. It is something like six miles in length, and in shape is oval. That day the winning racing machine in a 21 mile race was driven at an average speed of close to 95 miles an hour. Some of us had the pleasure of meeting Mr. S. F. Edge in London, and again at Brooklands. Mr. Edge is a millionaire extensively interested in the automobile business. He holds the world's 24 hour record, having driven one of his own make of machine around the Brooklands track for 24 consecutive hours at an average speed of 66 miles an hour. Up to date, nothing on wheels has ever covered the distance (1,584 miles) in the same length of time.

Then we went to Belfast, Dublin, Cork, and Queenstown, where we made connections for home with S.S. Adriatic, which is another floating palace, and sailed into New York harbor a few days later, on a beautiful bright day almost three months after starting.

On the general question of automobiling, England, France and Germany undoubtedly lead the world. I mean not so much in quality of the cars constructed in these countries, but rather as to the extent to which they are used. In London and vicinity alone about 40,000 cars are licensed. As far as speed is concerned, we in Canada know practically nothing about it, and as compared to the driving done in England and other European countries, we only crawl along. The average European driver is very expert, and there are comparatively few accidents. We found the policemen in England exceedingly accommodating, for instead of objecting to a fairly moderate speed, they usually told us to hurry along. Owing to conditions being entirely different in Canada—roads not so good, and horses as well as people not being as much accustomed to cars—causes me to feel that the work being done by Ontario Motor League is along the right lines. The strict letter of the law should be observed, and every driver, whether a member of the association or not, should remember that the *sane* use of the streets and roads is the only thing that will answer. Politeness to all is what Ontario Motor League advises, and I think this question will shortly regulate itself, and pedestrians and drivers of horse drawn vehicles will have nothing to complain of.

Our association and others are doing valuable missionary work, and in every case where it is possible we are joining with the authorities in an endeavor to suppress reckless driving, or at least to regulate the question in a sensible and proper way.

Voices of Nature.

HARK! The Mountain Peaks are calling,
Calling me and you.
On our ears their words are falling,
"Peak-a-boo!"

And the Trees their songs are flinging
O'er the country now,
And these words are gayly singing,
"Bough-wow-wow!"

While the Frog in numbers noble,
From his ingle snug,
Serenades the Auto-moble,
"Chug-chug-chug!"

—F. A. Bosbyshell, in New York Sun.

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"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress. "Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.—New York Observer.

A SUGGESTION TO MANUFACTURERS.

London Punch is running a series of cartoons suggesting ideas for special motor cars. This one is intended for musical comedy ladies.

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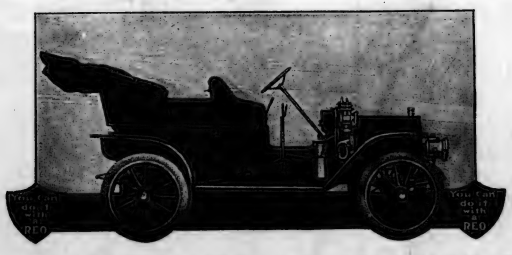

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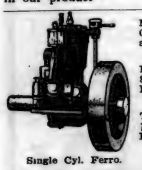

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SPORTING COMMENT

THERE is at present a great boom on in athletics of every description. One indication of this is the spread of professionalism. While one must regret the popularity of mercenary sport, it still remains true that it is a pretty fair test of public interest. If the people are interested and are anxious to witness athletic events of various kinds, there will be plenty of money spent. And this will naturally lead to professionalism. Where there is money there will always be a lot of men willing to work for it. But while the growth of professional sport has undoubtedly been most exceptional during the past year or so, it has been accompanied by an almost equal growth in amateur athletics. This is shown right here in Toronto by the flourishing circumstances of the different athletic organizations. Nearly all of them in their annual reports call attention to excellent financial conditions and long lists of applicants for admission. And that the same state of affairs exists in such great centres as New York is shown by some statistics given in a recent issue of the New York Sun. In order to have an idea of the rapid spread of athletics in New York, it is only necessary to have a glance at the doings of the Metropolitan Association. The fiscal year of this organization begins in September, so that on the first of the present month half the term had passed. For these six months as many athletes registered as in the whole of last year, when the names of 5,429 figured on the books.

In one month alone of the present season there were 1,600 registrations, a record in itself and something which never has been equalled in any other district of the national A.A.U. That the Marathon craze has something to do with the boom there is no doubt, but at the A.A.U. headquarters it is said that all the men who registered were not Marathoners. The improvement was an all-round one.

* * *

ONCE again a Canadian has won the Boston Marathon. This time it is a French-Canadian, Henri Renaud, a weaver of Nashua, N.H. Plugging along steadily, he gradually wore down his competitors, until two miles from the finish he took first place. Not content with this, he steadily opened up a gap between himself and his next rival and at the finish, he was nearly a mile ahead. The time for the race was poor—the poorest in ten years. But there was good reason for this in the unprecedented heat which beat down on the runners and took the snap out of them. Renaud, however, does not seem to have strained himself at all, as he was so fresh at the finish that he ran, the last hundred yards or so like a sprinter, and then walked jauntily off to the clubhouse to get the silver bowl, which is the emblem of victory. This shows his excellent judgment of pace, which is altogether remarkable in a boy of twenty, whose first long-distance race was in a Marathon run at Manchester, N.H., a year ago. Renaud displays wonderful stamina, and if he develops properly he should make the best of them look to their laurels. It is to be hoped, however, that he won't be led into the professional ranks like almost all the other amateur distance runners who have distinguished themselves.

* * *

IT is interesting to see our national games being taken up by the athletes of other countries, and the recent lacrosse match between Columbia University and Stevens Institute deserves notice. The game was played at Castle Point Field, Hoboken, and was won by the Stevens players by 5 goals to 4. Although the field was not very fast, it seems that the stick handling and team work were excellent for so early in the season. The game is catching on in the American universities, as in the English institutions, and considerable enthusiasm is already being aroused by it.

* * *

PRIZE-FIGHTS are the latest fad in Parisian sporting circles, and some of the second-rate American boxers have been making some money out of the desire of Parisian high-rollers to see bruisers at work. Even women attend these bouts, and it is said they display no less enthusiasm than the men. One of the biggest of these matches was pulled off the other day, when Joe Jeannette, of New York, defeated Sam McVey, of California, in the fiftieth round of a finish fight. It was a gruelling engagement, and Jeannette won because he could stand the punishment better than his opponent, whose seconds finally threw up the sponge. The enthusiastic interest aroused by the match in Paris shows that Frenchmen are gradually being led to see the higher things in athletics.

* * *

THE Marathon craze is certainly going very far when one-legged men run a seven-mile race. This is a sort of thing which must fill every lover of sport with regret. To lose a limb is a misfortune with which everyone must sympathize. But the greater the sympathy for the cripple, the greater the dislike to see his deformity displayed for the amusement of the vulgar. Such a contest as this is a hideous and indecent thing, and everything should be done to discourage such exhibitions.

* * *

THE sound of the baseball scribe is heard in the land. He is here again with all the superb resources of his peculiar vocabulary. He is still true to the felicities, rarities and preciosities of style sacred to his profession, as is shown by the following gems of diction taken from the account in the Chicago Tribune of the christening of the baseball season in that city:

"The Cardinals were outbatted by many parasangs.

"Big Jeff Overall cut the cardiac region of the plate.

"The turnout from Bugville was surprisingly large.

"Zimmerman makes winning clout.

"One on a pass, the other on a puncture.

"Compiling a double.

"There was a gay yelp when Steinfeldt smashed.

"After Overall had whiffed.

"Overall caught him off balance, accomplishing Roger's demise.

"But for Browne's unfortunate decease he could have scored pulled up.

"Moran poked a hot one.

"The little fellow stabbed it.

"There were two dead Cubs.

"A couple of underground shoots.

"Manager Frank had not touched the pan.

"Arbiter Klem showed him a slew-foot print on the edge of the rubber."

* * *

IN view of the approaching opening of the American baseball season, an account of the manner in which some of the leading National and American League clubs got their nicknames may be of interest. According to William P. McLoughlin, a New York sporting authority, the Giants got that name twenty-five years ago, because most of them were men of large stature. The Brooklyns got the name of Trolley Dodgers when the trolley system was installed in Brooklyn. The New York Americans are called the Highlanders because they play their home games on the highest point on Manhattan Island. When Frank Selee took the management of the Chicago club in 1902, the team was composed almost entirely of young players. Hence the name Cubs. Some years ago the Pittsburg team appeared on the field in travelling uniforms that caused somebody to say, "They look like Pirates!" and the name stuck to them. The St. Louis Nationals got the name of Cardinals because their stockings and the trimmings on their uniforms are that color. When the American League put a team in Philadelphia in 1901, the name Athletics was resurrected. The first professional team the Quaker City had, back in the sixties, was named Athletics, and that name was used continuously until the old American Association team disbanded in 1890. The Detroit players formerly wore black and yellow stockings, the Princeton colors; hence the name Tigers. The St. Louis of the eighties wore brown uniforms on the road and won many championships as the Browns. The American League team in 1902 adopted the name.

* * *

IT isn't often that the Courts are sportsmanlike in their decisions, so there is all the more reason to give them the credit when it is really their due. The case which calls forth this comment is one recently decided in the Circuit Court at Montreal by Judge Dorion. His decision was to the effect that any spectator who interferes in a lacrosse match must take what comes in the way of blows just like any player, and has no legal redress for a cracked head or torn clothes. A fellow of the name of Lapore had jumped the fence at a lacrosse match between the Montreals and the Nationals, and had attacked one of the M.A.A.A. players from the rear. The result for him was a crack across the head with a lacrosse stick, which laid him out. He tried to get damages, but got only advice from the Court. The advice, however, was excellent, and, if followed, would save him much trouble. One of the first rules for all public contests is that the contestants shall not be hampered in any way by the onlookers. It is the business of the officials at matches to govern the conduct of the players.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE. THE WINNING OXFORD TEAM IS ON THE LEFT.

* * *

WALTER VON VOIGTLAUDER, president of the Stevens Institute Athletic Association (Hoboken, N.J.), sends to Leslie's Weekly the following boost for lacrosse, a sport that is gaining favor in the United States: "Lacrosse, although one of the oldest American games, is comparatively little known. Nearly all the colleges and universities are represented by lacrosse teams, though for some reason lacrosse is not generally given the support received by the football and baseball teams. From a spectator's point of view, there is no game played to-day that furnishes the action, speed, and dash of a well-played lacrosse game; it is a fine test for wind, speed, and endurance. The element of danger is present in just a sufficient degree to add zest to the contest. Stevens Institute was one of the first colleges in this part of the country to take up lacrosse, and its teams have improved steadily from year to year, until the position it holds at the present time is such that it can successfully meet any United States team. This is shown by Stevens's victories over such teams as Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, and the champion Crescent A.C. of Brooklyn."

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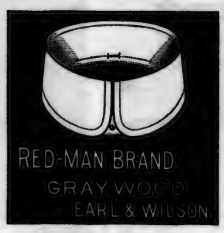

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Mrs. Pauline Meyer's parlors at Sunnyside have recently been redecorated. The ballroom in white and gold, looks rich and dainty, and quite a number of social parties are already booked for the next few weeks.

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DRAMA

WILLIAM HAWTREY
As John Browne in "An Englishman's Home."

IT may be that when we saw them our editorial liver was out of order, but howe'er it be it seems to me that Gertrude Hoffman and "The Mimic World" are both of them pretty poor stuff. Of course, this is only our own personal opinion, and we are perfectly well aware that a great number of other people thought differently from "we," as they made abundantly clear by their laughter and applause at acts which seemed to "we" rather mournful than otherwise. Take that veteran comedian Monroe, for instance. Age and industry are in themselves respectable things, but this particular kind of age which insists on strenuously exploiting a prehistoric brand of humor comes under the head of senile decay. Monroe's day is long since passed, if he ever had one, and his elephantine attempts at playfulness should arouse pity rather than mirth. But still it is on this man that the burden of providing most of the comedy of the performance is laid. And he carries the burden pretty much as though it were a hod.

"The Mimic World" is labeled a burlesque, and it certainly tries to be one; but the result is somewhat rough on the world which it endeavors to mimic. Burlesques are apt to be rather melancholy spectacles, but this is one of the most lugubrious we have ever seen. It gives the impression of having been run through a gravel-mixer, the color being afterwards thrown into it with a spray-pump. The result is something which resembles nothing on the world, above it, or beneath it. In all the attempts at burlesque, there is only one which attains even the most moderate measure of success, though that small measure makes it stand out with uncanny distinctness on the monotonous waste; and that is a parody on the confession scene in "The Thief." It is not particularly well done, but it is not intolerable, and even that is something in this production.

The whole trouble with "The Mimic World" as a burlesque, is that it has overlooked the first law of such productions, which is that a burlesque must be able to stand on its own merits. It isn't enough for it to distort and twist its original, but it must be funny in itself. And the present instance is neither funny in itself nor in anything else. It is simply a dreary mistake.

But the great drawing card of this production is not the burlesque or comic end of it. No. The people who packed the house to the doors on Monday night did not go so much to be amused as to be shocked. It wasn't Monroe and the other slapstick artists who drew them with their riotous fun and their extravagance of costume, so much as Gertrude Hoffman with her wriggles and her captivating absence of costume. They went to see the "Spring Song" and be rapt in a vision of sensuous beauty, to see "Salome" and be thrilled by its lurid fascination. That was their idea. They also had a notion the show might be "pinched," which was an additional reason for going the first night. And when finally Miss Hoffman made her appearance with much pomp of circumstance, some of them realized that they had been stung. It is true that she had very little on—and pretended to have even less than she had. It is also true that she capered about in attitudes intended to be sensuous and attractive—she surely had no idea of being classical as announced on the programme. But the result was far from what had been expected. She was neither so good nor so naughty a dancer as people had looked for. Her "Spring Song" was pretty as a scene, and the music is always beautiful. But as a dance it was a sufficiently mediocre performance. She did little more than prance about the stage in greater or less accord with the music, and being a shapely woman she was more or less interesting. But of real dancing ability, such as is possessed by Adeline Genee, she displayed very little. In fact, the impression she made was almost entirely due to another display altogether. So much for the "Spring Song." It was followed by the much heralded "Salome," to which everyone had been looking forward in shuddering anticipation. They had good cause to shudder, though not for the reasons they had thought. It is not an immoral performance. It is not in the least likely to arouse evil passions—unless it should be the passion for throwing things. In fact, it is a thoroughly ugly and thoroughly silly performance, which owes its tremendous reputation more to the bungling stupidity of meddlesome censors and hysterical reviewers than to any innate power. How a dance so utterly absurd could have ever been received with anything but an outburst of hearty and whole-souled laughter is more than I can conceive. And if "The Mimic World" can't at least shock its patrons, and give respectable citizens the luxurious sensation of being really very naughty, what excuse on earth has it for existence?

EDYTHE SHAYNE
In "Beverley of Graustark."

* * *

THERE is a very interesting little play at the Princess this week in "The New Lady Bantock." The word "little" is used advisedly, though the play occupies four acts and a whole evening. But it is none the less a little play, a quite diminutive one in fact. It is spread out very thin, and so manages to cover a lot of ground and time. But though it becomes so attenuated in places that you can positively see through it into the greenroom beyond, it is clever and interesting, and contains some effective scenes and a lot of excellent lines. It is written by Jerome K. Jerome, and this assures its possession of grace and wit. The plot is an entirely original and even fantastic one, and it is fairly well worked out, though it does fall a bit flat in the last act. But the interest is carried on very well throughout the performance, and the acting is excellent. Miss Fannie Ward is by no means a bright particular star, but she has good looks and vivacity, and the part fits her perfectly. And she is ably assisted. Mr. Charles Cartwright especially, as the butler-uncle, gives a character study of very unusual merit. Altogether the play is a very pleasant evening's entertainment and well deserves a visit.

* * *

AN interesting criticism of "Disengaged," the recent dramatic first offering of Mr. Henry James, is given in the last issue of The Forum by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the very capable dramatic critic of that publication. "Disengaged," he says, is a spirited high comedy, neatly constructed and brilliantly written. It is a dry, sharp satire on the shallowness and insincerity of half a dozen habitual philanderers in English high society. It is not necessary to summarize the intricate and dexterous story, because the sole point of importance is that everybody makes love sooner or later to nearly everybody of the other sex. All of the characters are super-civilized beyond all reminiscence of simple natural humanity; as people, they are exceedingly clever and entirely unimportant. They do not count as individuals, because they are all alike in elaborate sophistication. There is little external action in the piece; but what may be called the intellectual action is carried on with rare rapidity and dash. The dialogue is exceedingly adroit in subtle, intellectual details; it is written with absolute fineness and finality. But the play makes its appeal merely to the intellect; it is unemotional, unsympathetic, heartless, and therefore empty. It is like a swift skating over cold, hard, shining ice, with no depth of water underneath it. This sort of *jeu d'esprit* is of little interest and of no abiding value to an audience in the theatre. What the theatre-going public wants is not mental cleverness but humanity; it sets the heart higher than the head; it demands that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. "Disengaged" is a brilliant artistic accomplishment; but as a contribution to the theatre it is without importance and without promise.

* * *

Next Week's Bills.

Princess — "An Englishman's Home."
Royal Alexandra — "Beverley of Graustark."
Shea's — Vaudeville.
Gayety — Rice and Barton.
Grand — "Shore Acres."

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME," the famous melodrama with a military and patriotic purpose, which set all England and the world talking about territorial armies and the things of war, is to be next week's offering at the Princess. On account of the tremendous sensation the play caused, its coming to Toronto is looked for with a great deal of curiosity and interest. People will then have an opportunity of finding out for themselves whether or not the play owes its great success to its artistic merits, or to its timeliness and its somewhat pronounced jingoism. From all accounts, it would seem as though all three were factors in making it a hit. Of course, for local theatregoers, the main thing to be considered is whether or not it is a good play. The question of its value as a recruiting agent is hardly a live one in Canada, where people are not worrying particularly about possible German attacks upon their homes. And in this respect of artistic merit, the

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

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MUSIC

THERE is probably no better way to settle the question, Is Toronto musical? than Mr. Harry Ryrie's plan—a thoroughly first-class concert at a nominal price. One hears, "There is so much going on, and we have spent so much money," but there is time enough and money enough to attend such a performance as the one that has packed the Alexandra during the week, while the Abramson Italian Grand Opera Company played to almost empty houses. If the public fails to respond, and tonight's concert is presented to an array of vacant chairs, it is to be hoped that the men who have done such heroic work for the cause of good music in Toronto will not be discouraged, but will fight all the harder to make this city what the world believes it to be—the foremost musical city in America.

Mr. Welsman's programme, which is as follows, should appeal to all sorts and conditions of people, and Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Blachford are two of our most popular soloists:

Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Otto Nicolai; song, "Ah Bendimi," from "Mitrane," Rossi (Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, contralto); "Symphony No. 8 in B Minor" (unfinished), Schubert; Concerto for Violin, Max Bruch (Mr. Frank Blachford, soloist); three dances from "Henry the Eighth," Edward German (Morris Dance, Shepherds' Dance, Torch Dance); songs, "A Southern Night," A. Goring Thomas, and "Sunshine and Butterfly," Hubert Bunning (Mrs. Frank Mackelcan); overture, "The Hebrides," Mendelssohn; symphonic poem, "Finlandia," Jean Sibelius.

* * *

My faith in Toronto's appreciation of what is genuinely good in music had a rude shock when the Ivan Abramson Royal Italian Opera Company was so neglected. When it was here earlier in the season there was some excuse for poor attendance, as the people were unknown, but the four performances given then aroused the enthusiasm of the musicians who heard them, and when the return of the company was announced one felt sure that it would be greeted by capacity houses. Instead, however, there were two fair houses and two very poor. At the opening performance, "Il Trovatore," the audience was very entnusiastic, and the new prima donna, Mme. Bertossi, made a pronounced hit, but the next night "Carmen" was sung to a top-heavy house. Mme. Duce-Merola was in much better voice than when she was here before; Mlle. Almeri proved worthy of a place in the company; and Signor Colombini gave a fine performance of "Don Jose," from a dramatic standpoint. At the matinee, time-worn "Lucia" was galvanized into a freshness scarcely hoped for, and Mlle. Almeri was not only vocally charming, but the best Lucia I have ever heard. She made the stilted, theatrical, mad scene convincing, and never for a moment did the trills and roulades seem to be prima donna tricks. A newcomer, Giuliano, although given few opportunities, made one desirous to hear him in a longer part. His voice is a wonder. "Rigoletto" proved fairly potent and again the house was fairly well filled. Mme. Bertossi seemed out of voice at first, but by the time her aria, "Caro Nome," was reached she had warmed up and sang even better than she did on Thursday. Signor Arcangelo was the most artistic singer among the men, and his performance, both dramatically and vocally, was far above the best European average. Signor Colombini gave a masterly portrayal of the Duke, but his lack of vocal schooling robs his performance of the charm it should have. The chorus sang with a verve that made up for all other shortcomings, and Signor Merola is one of the most magnetic of conductors. The sextette in "Lucia" on Saturday was thrilling, and if he can produce the effects he does with such orchestral material, what would he do with a fine band and a large chorus?

To Miss Strauss, however, must be given the place of honor. She is by far and away the best singer and actress in the company. Some day those who heard her last week will be saying, "I heard her when, etc."

* * *

I have never heard such diversity of opinion as on the playing of the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, and while I regret that I was unable to go and hear for myself, I have a compensating sense of having escaped being called an ass because of my own opinion. Why is it that two musicians of equal standing should differ as widely as this? One says: "They played so badly out of tune that I had to hold myself in place." And the other: "I never heard a better string section in Toronto." So you can see that being a critic simply means the opportunity to say what you think. I heard Miss Schnitzer in Chicago, and was charmed with her playing. No one had such command of tone color as she then revealed, the nearest approach to it being Lhvinne, but even she failed to win the unanimous esteem of the audience in Massey Hall. However, all say that it was an excellent programme, though a trifle long, perhaps, and there you are.

* * *

Miss Muriel Bruce's recital showed her to be a well prepared young pianiste who has still to find herself, and the only way to do so is by playing in public. Studio work makes one subjective and eventually self-conscious, and if one wants to hold an audience the man on the back seat who has not studied must be considered Miss Bruce has temperament and technique, but at the present time they are merely on speaking terms. Before the evening was over, however they were becoming more intimate. Such work as the Brahms "Sonata" will do her a world of good. She has the musicianship to do *ensemble* work, and will soon begin to think of what she wants her listeners to hear rather than please herself with her deftness.

* * *

Miss Millichamp surprised me by her playing in the "Sonata." I have always liked her tone, but I somehow was not prepared for what she did in this not easy number. More experience will bring greater freedom, but the germ of good honest sonata and ensemble was there, and it was very enjoyable. Mr. Blachford has made an interesting player where one might have been warranted in looking for merely a pleasant player.

* * *

Some of the things Miss Goggin did were also enjoyable. I cannot understand Dr. Ham permitting a pupil to sing a song that is so completely ruined when transposed as the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria." The piano becomes so muddy and unintelligible when it is put down that the entire composition loses all of its charm. But she did her first group of songs very nicely, with the exception of a tendency to attack under the note, particularly in piano and mezzo passages, on the other hand she has a good voice, a musical nature, and sings with intelligence. Miss Morley played her accompaniments admirably. For the movement from the A minor Concerto by Schumann, Mr. Welsman played the orchestral part on the second piano, and thereby participated in the success of a pupil who has done him great credit and will do him more in the future if she continues to work.

* * *

This evening Miss Margaret Vereker is making her first appearance in Toronto, at a recital she is giving in Conservatory Hall. Miss Vereker's programme is well chosen, and shows that she has excellent and catholic taste. She has chosen Miss Grace Smith to assist her, which adds interest to the affair, as Miss Smith has made such a well-defined and charming impression on all who have heard her. Mr. T. J. Palmer will accompany Mis Vereker except in "A Song for Canada," written by Mr. Percy Semon, for which the composer will be at the piano.

* * *

Monday night Miss Edith Miller and her concert party will be at Massey Hall. No Canadian singer has more honestly won and held a higher place in musical circles in London than Miss Miller. Those of us who know her are delighted because we also know that she deserves her success. The other members of the company are highly spoken of, and it will be an evening well worth while.

* * *

Mrs. R. J. Dilworth has issued invitations for a recital at the Conservatory the same night, assisted by Dr. Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist, and Mrs. Blight, accompaniste. The first number on the programme is Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," which Mrs. Dilworth sings delightfully. A Grieg and Wolf group follow, and then a set of "Songs of the Orient," written by Bantock, and very characteristic of him. If Bantock keeps on as he has begun, England will have a composer that all the world will acknowledge. Leo Stern's valse, "Le Printemps," follows these and a song from Landon Ronald's "Cycle of Life" and "Bachelet's "Chere Nuit" end the programme. A special feature is the aria from the "Pearl of Brazil," for which Mr. Dineen will play the flute obligato.

* * *

On May 4 the Toronto String Quartette, assisted by that charming singer, Miss Margaret McCoy, will give an extra concert in Conservatory Hall. The programme has been chosen from the most popular numbers of the past few seasons.

* * *

Miss Helen Strong has announced a recital for May 14 at the Conservatory, with Mr. Frank Blachford, violinist; Dr. Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist; and Mr. Marley R. Sherris, baritone, on the programme. Miss Strong has been a pupil of Mr. Tripp for some time, and this is her debut.

* * *

As this is probably my last contribution to this page as critic, I take the opportunity to publicly forgive all those who have been provoked by what I have written from time to time, to say unkind things about me, and I also want to thank those who have taken my criticisms in the spirit in which they were written. For instance, immediately after the publication of my notice of Mr. Beardmore's singing at the People's Choral Union Concert, he called me up and thanked me. A man who can do that is going to grow, and I shall feel an interest in his future, because he acted as he did. My experience here as a critic has verified my belief that few earnest artists object to criticism, provided it is reasonable and not flippant. Sometimes a severe but well-meant criticism will do more for an artist than a whole year of hard work under the best master. I have enjoyed the work very much, and I regret that there was so much going on that I could not see and hear all I wanted to, and I hope that I have done a small part of the good I wanted to do. Good-bye.

MELOS.

The Dickens Fellowship has secured Mr. Frank Speaight, the great English interpreter of Dickens, to give a recital of "Pickwick Papers" at Association Hall, next Thursday evening, 29th April, as the fifth and concluding number of the Lyceum Course. This recital takes the place of the lecture by R. G. Knowles announced for the 9th March, Mr. Knowles having been unable to fill the engagement. The plan opens at Nordheimer's on Monday morning.

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The Eastern papers are telling of an octogenarian who died recently. For sixty years he had played every night except Sunday three games of cribbage. Putting pegs in small holes had been his principal recreation for so long that he lost all interest in other things. It is appalling to think of a mental prostitution so complete. Still one must remember that he had the time to spare and it was necessary for him to do something. There are a good many people nowadays who have spare moments, or even spare hours. They can be better employed than in the philosophic deeps of cribbage, or in the psychological intricacies of checkers. For persons with any leisure the Gourlay-Angelus provides a most pleasurable occupation. It brings to every home all the technique of Paderewski and it never has rheumatism. So few people, even though students of music, have the ability to play correctly the scores of the master musicians that these works can be heard only at rare intervals. By means of the Angelus, the first and still the best of all piano-playing devices, one has the key of the delectable lands. The phrasing lever gives the operator the ability to instantly vary the time and thus places in his hand infinite capacity for expression. The melodant and the melody buttons make it possible to bring out with clearness a melody which may be hidden in a maze of accompaniment. In every sense the Angelus is the complete technique of a virtuoso. As an interior part of the Gourlay piano, one of the finest and noblest instruments manufactured, the Angelus is a joy forever. Men who love music but have never had an opportunity to acquire technical efficiency are invited to the Yonge street warerooms of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming to see and hear this delightful instrument.

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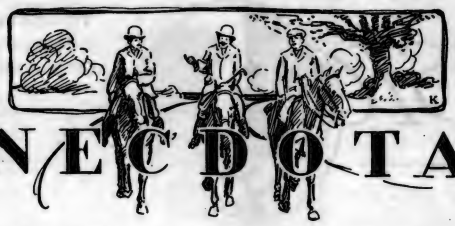

ANECDOTAL

GENERAL SIR O'MOORE CREAGH, who will toward the close of this year succeed Lord Kitchener in command in India, has, as SATURDAY NIGHT readers have already been told, served forty years in the army in India.

His last appointment there was as Commandant of a First Class District. While serving in this capacity he had an amusing experience on one occasion. He had presented the prizes at the garrison sports, and was rather surprised when one of the prize-winners—a private in an infantry regiment—approached him a few days later and begged to know if he would be allowed to change his prize for something more useful.

"What was your prize?" asked the General. In reply the man produced a long case from under his arm and showed a handsome pair of meat carvers.

"Very nice, I am sure," said General Creagh. "What do you want to change them for?"

"Well, you see, sir," replied the man, "I find them rather difficult to use at meal time, and if it is all the same to the committee, sir, I would rather have a knife and fork of the usual size to eat my meat with."

* * *

Bobby—Make a noise like a frog, uncle.

Uncle—Why?

Bobby—'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says, "Wait till your uncle croaks."—The Tatler.

* * *

THE story is told of the late Henry Lamb, who was, in his day, a very famous player at St. Andrews. He was the unfortunate possessor, in a foursome, of a partner who was the veriest of duffers. The duffer persisted in topping his shots and leaving Lamb all sorts of difficulties to overcome.

Lamb did not complain, being blessed with the gentle nature that his name suggests, until his partner, having a long putt to negotiate, hit the ball so hard that it went past the hole and far on the other side.

"Man," said Lamb with a sigh, as he marched after the ball, "if you could only *drive* like that, we might win yet."

* * *

MR. DINGLEY was riding up one day in the trolley car from the capitol at Washington with Mark Hanna. He said:

"Mark, you are many years younger than I am and you have made millions. I never have been able to get ahead of the game in life, and yet my legislation has made rich men richer and poor men rich. Now, how do they do it?"

"Dingley," said Hanna, "I can tell you right off how to make 25 per cent on your investment."

Dingley turned eagerly to his supposed benefactor and said: "For heaven's sake, Mark, how?"

"Why," said Hanna, "these 5-cent tickets upon which we ride are sold by the railroad company in a bunch at 25 per cent. discount. There is your fortune, if you invest enough."

* * *

A WELL KNOWN politician, talking at a recent dinner about grafters, said:

"It is not such a difficult work to catch them as some people think. Guilty men, you see, always betray themselves through their continual efforts to appear innocent.

"Thus, a Philadelphia professor from the University of Oxford, at a banquet here one night, drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table, his legs, to his dismay, tottered, and the room seemed to sway slightly. "The horrified professor got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess leading a maid who carried her two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation.

"The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice:

"'What a bonny little child!'"

* * *

"LITTLE GEORGE" may have happened before and in many countries, but this account of him says:

He has been taught ever since he could lisp to say his prayers daily. He has, at the age of five, a profound belief in the efficacy of his supplications, a belief that has been more firmly fixed, if that were possible, by a very recent experience. For once in a way he was naughty, very naughty, so his mother announced that he must be whipped.

He begged to be excused for a minute. "No, no," was the answer, "you must be whipped at once. You have been very naughty." "But just for a minute," pleaded he, "not just for a minute?"

The reprieve granted, he ran out of the room. The curious mother followed to the door of the next room. She saw her boy on his knees, and heard him say very earnestly:

"Now, God, if you're as good and as great as they say you are now's your chance."

A happy or tragic ending may be added, according to choice.

* * *

A MAN, much given to long foot tours through Virginia, once came upon an unkempt and melancholy-looking person stretched under a tree, who, upon the approach of the pedestrian immediately executed a "hurry touch" for a dime.

Now, this man had, a short distance back, been talking to a prosperous farmer, who had complained of the difficulty of obtaining labor; accordingly he said to the hobo as he handed him the coin:

"About half a mile down, my friend, there's a farmer looking for men to help him in his fields."

The melancholy-looking person bowed as politely as possible, considering his sitting posture, and replied:

"Thanks. I might er strolled down that way accidental like."

* * *

TWO men were standing close together on the rear platform of a street car.

"Yes," remarked the fat man, "I once refused to buy the site of this town for four clam shells and a quart of rum."

The tall passenger was silent.

"I could have bought the original telephone patents for eleven Mexican dollars and a brass watch," continued the fat man, "but I turned 'em down."

No response.

"You are not interested in my reminiscences, friend?"

"I am not," answered the tall man, candidly. "I'm selling airship stock. You don't want any."

* * *

W. S. GILBERT does not retain all of his humor for use in his librettos.

In the early days of his success, when Gilbert and Sullivan were considered by managers as the "sure winners" in the comic-opera field, a young woman who was a member of one of the "Pinafore" companies wrote to Gilbert telling him of her approaching marriage with a young man of good position and family.

Gilbert congratulated the young woman, and expressed the hope that her future might be prosperous and happy.

Only a little more than a month passed and another letter from the same girl reached him, in which she stated that her engagement with the young man had been broken, and that she had accepted another suitor.

He replied that he had every confidence in her judgment, and again expressed his hearty wishes for her welfare.

It was almost two months after that Gilbert received a third letter from the same girl, who informed him that young Lord —— had proposed and that she had accepted him, after breaking her engagement with No. 2

Gilbert's humor could no longer withstand the temptation, and he wrote, "I desire to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with ——"

Here he placed an asterisk, and in a footnote added, "Here insert the name of the happy man."

* * *

DAVID B. HILL, former Governor of and Senator from New York, has a secluded hatter somewhere in the State who makes his high hats after elaborate plans drawn by Mr. Hill many years ago, and not changed since.

One night Governor Odell, of New York, was giving a reception in Albany, and Mr. Roosevelt, then elected Vice-President, met Mr. Hill on the steps of the New York Executive Mansion.

Roosevelt wore a black rough rider hat and Hill had one of his peculiar skypieces.

"Senator," said Roosevelt, "you should wear a hat like this one that I have on. They are much easier on the head, preserve the hair and are altogether better than silk ones."

Mr. Hill looked at the coming Vice-President. "My dear sir," he said, "I haven't worn a hat like that since I went out of the show business."

* * *

THERE was a man in Birmingham who took the pledge after much persuasion on the part of his clergyman. The minister saw this man's daughter hastening homeward with a jug of fresh, foaming beer the other day. He stopped her and said:

"My dear child, where are you taking that beer?"

"Home to father, sir."

"But surely your father doesn't drink beer," said the minister, "now that he has taken the pledge?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the girl. "He doesn't drink it. He only soaks his bread in it."

* * *

THE minister's class at the kirk of Tobermory had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren and it came to the turn of the minister to examine the boys.

The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct. Such as:

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?"

"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?"

A pause.

"What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?"

Then a bright little Highlander stretched out an eager hand.

"Well, my man."

"Please, sir, they sell't him over cheap."

Tourist (who during a steady tramp has enquired, once every hour, how far it is to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, "About four-and-a-half or five miles"): "Thank heaven we're keeping pace with it, anyway."—Punch.

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From all Chemists and Perfumers

Lady Gay's Column

A SMALL paragraph in last week's papers announced the fact that there were no floral tributes sent to the memory of the dead poet Swinburne, nor any representative of the surviving literary folk at his burial. Somewhere else we were informed that Swinburne's body was laid away without the usual religious services by his own order. Did the Grundy spirit and the orthodox spirit join hands, and whereas one had refused the dead poet honors while he lived, the other denied him honors when he was dead? It somehow looks like that. I have the warm and deep love for and admiration of Swinburne which one gets through something more subtle and lasting than the touch of hands in friendship or the pleasantness of seeing and hearing one's masters in the mind kingdom. Twice I might have had these lesser means of knowing the poet who is dead and buried, but I let them pass, coward-like fearing my ideal might be lowered thereby. Mingled with the long delight in the many generous, beautiful and vivid things he wrote, there is a most comical episode, which always brings a chuckle to my mind when I recall it. We were deep in Swinburne, the callow curate and I, in the days when curates were still of some savor in my existence. He was reading and I was listening in a shady clematis garlanded verandah in the dear old home. And of all the milk for babes to be imbibing, we had arrived at "Faustine," a bit of "very all-wrong" which I didn't at all realize. In the midst of this outspoken ditty a long shadow fell across the sun-flecked floor and a voice full of righteous indignation enquired: "May I ask what you've got there?" And I was very scared and the curate wilted and the great voice continued: "Let me never hear such stuff again!" as the shadow grew less and big irate steps resounded. So we bundled Swinburne out of sight, that day, but, before the curate's term was up, the book had changed owners, and, I have it somewhere yet!

In the chorus from Atlanta in Calydon, there is a curious reversal, which has bothered me all my days. You know how the beautiful lines swing on—"Before the beginning of years, there came to the making of man, Time, with a gift of tears, Grief with a glass that ran." I've wondered whether Swinburne meant time to have the tears and grief the glass that ran, when all the ages have apportioned them the other way about, or was it just one of those careless or unconscious transpositions that one makes, or overlooks in one's printers? The critics argue out a long and involved reason for taking Father Time's well-known hour-glass from him; they tell you Swinburne meant this or that, and here he's gone and died before I had the courage to ask him why he topsy-turvied tradition, which was the very thing he always managed to do.

"A greater discoverer than Columbus is he who has discovered the limited interest taken by his fellows in his personal affairs." Particularly should that clever little sentence fasten itself in the brain of him or her who has been lately ill, and is now given to detailing symptoms, agonies, cures and such experiences to dear familiar friends. What is the use of being well and hearty if one must carry the nauseous details of grippe, appendicitis, and all manner of fashionable and seasonable ills from which one's friends are suffering? The limit of interest felt by the healthy in details of this sort is small, also in the doings of servants, of first babies, of trying relatives or cranky old folks. The limit of pretended interest varies with the breeding and amiability of the hearer, but even then it's not very extensive. It is up to every one of us to rival Columbus as aforesaid, and earn the esteem and gratitude of our long-suffering friends.

Do you know the person who stems possibility of discussion, thought, enterprise, advancement and conclusion by a simple little formulae. "Well, I don't know," and a shake of the head which silences alike sane handling of the serious and frivolous? You can't tell that person anything. He doesn't know and he doesn't want to know, if he'd tell the whole truth, and not stop half-way. By striking this semi-obscure mental pose, he leaves you guessing whether he has some further and almost conclusive information or whether his mind is a fog or a blank. You can't get past that wall of a remark: "Well, I don't know!" Isn't it clever?

Two little girls were quarrelling very enthusiastically in a fashionable street yesterday. Said the elder very loudly: "When I grow up, I'll never call upon you." The other turned in her indignant flight to scream back: "And if you do, I won't *hear* you, no matter how loud you call—so there!"

A very small girl was sorting out her dolls and giving them a bit of her mind. "You're the untidiest of all, Rosie; you are so ugly. Bella Jane, you don't look a bit like me! I s'pose (reflectively) you must take after your father!"

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

IN the earlier portion of last week social festivities were almost wholly at a standstill, but towards the latter portion several most interesting events were on the tapis. One of the brightest of these was a tea given on Thursday at Government House by Lady Sybil Grey, as a farewell to her English visitors, Lady Dorothy Onslow and Miss Margaret Lyttleton, who have spent the winter in Ottawa, and who sailed for their English homes on Saturday. Lady Sybil was most becomingly gowned in cerise satin, and Lady Evelyn, who with her sister, greeted the guests on their entrance, wore a very dainty gown of white chiffon with panels of black lace. Both Lady Dorothy Onslow and Miss Lyttleton were gowned entirely in white, the former in silk with lace motifs, and the latter in *crepe de chine*, gracefully draped The flowers in the drawing-room included a lavish supply of tulips, roses and carnations, while in the dining-room, where tea was arranged, crimson carnations make a bright decoration This was entirely a gathering of young people, and the bright and pretty girls of the Capital found their way to Rideau Hall to wish the departing English guests *bon voyage*.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey, the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, and members of the Viceregal household, as well as Sir John Hanbury Williams and Miss Hanbury Williams, are leaving to-day for Montreal, to remain throughout the week, and to be present at the various performances entered for the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition, and while there they will occupy Lord Strathcona's residence.

At the week-end interest generally was directed towards the wedding of Miss Jessie Coates, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coates, of 102 Lisgar street, to Mr. Walter Baker Champ, of Hamilton, which was celebrated in St. George's church on Saturday afternoon, Rev. J. M. Snowdon officiating. Quantities of pink and white spirea, interspersed with luxuriant palms and feathery ferns, decorated the chancel and altar steps, and broad white ribbons outlined the pews reserved for the guests. The bridal party was headed by three bonny little flower-girls, the Misses Dorothy and Annette Blaikie, of Toronto, nieces of the bride, and Miss Marguerite Champ, of Hamilton, niece of the bridegroom. These three dainty little damsels were gowned alike in French frocks of pale pink silk mull, with trimmings of bebe Irish lace and pink ribbons, their very becoming Empire coatees of the same having Dutch collars finished off with ties of silver cords with tassels. Their hats were mushroom in shape, and were made of pink pleated chiffon with wreaths of rosebuds and long streamers of broad pink ribbon falling behind. Shoes, stockings and mittens of the same delicate coloring, and small nosegays of fragrant pink and white sweet peas surrounded with lace frills completed the most charmingly quaint and artistic costumes imaginable. As matron of honor, Mrs. Fred Campbell, of Sherbrooke, elder sister of the bride, wore a most exquisite Directoire gown of the palest shell pink satin, with an overdress of silver net, richly embroidered in platinum. An Empire coat of the same embroidered net had a transparent yoke, and a large grey picture hat was trimmed with soft grey plumes and faced with shell pink tulle; in place of the conventional boquet, a basket of pale mauve and pink sweet peas was suspended from the shoulder by broad pink ribbons. Behind the matron of honor came the dainty and graceful bride on her father's arm, wearing a particularly handsome *robe de noces* of clinging ivory satin charmeuse made in Empire effect and suiting the figure of the wearer perfectly. Seed pearls in old Greek key design bordered the skirt, which opened up the front, displaying an exceedingly rich lace panel embroidered in silk. The yoke and long tight sleeves were also of the embroidered lace, and the bodice had bretelles falling in stole-like effect and finished off with crystal and silver tassels. The usual tulle veil, bordered with seed pearls, was becomingly arranged over a small wreath of orange blossoms, and the only ornament worn was a diamond pendant, the groom's gift. Mr. W. S. Champ, of New York, was best man, and those doing duty as ushers were Mr. Fritz Ridley, of Montreal; Mr. Thos. Lawton, of New York; Mr. Fritz Martin, of Hamilton; and Mr. Montague Bate, to each of whom the groom presented a pearl tie pin. His gift to the matron of honor was a handsome silver chain bag, and the three flower-girls each received a pretty chain and locket with pearl setting. A large reception followed at the bride's home, where every nook and corner was bright with a wealth of flowers. After warm congratulations and hosts of good wishes had been showered by their legions of friends on the bride and groom, they left on the afternoon train for New York and other American cities, for a honeymoon of a few weeks, after which they will reside in Hamilton. Mrs. Champ travelled in a very smart tailored costume of tan and blue cheviot, the long coat of which opened over a very chic and pretty blouse of gold and blue shot chiffon with touches of gold braiding. A becoming hat of pale tan straw was smartly trimmed with tan roses and erect blue wings. Some of those who came from out-of-town points to the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blaikie and Miss Florence Blaikie, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Champ, of Hamilton; Mr. W. S. Champ, Mrs. and Miss Ethel Champ, Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrow, of New York; Mr. Thos. Coates, of Darlington, England, uncle of the bride; Mr. Frank Gray, of Toronto; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Reba Kittson, of Hamilton.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, April 19, 1909.

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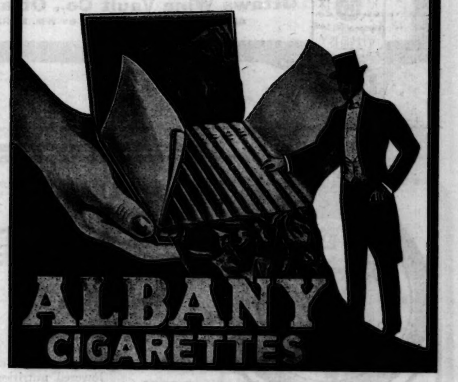

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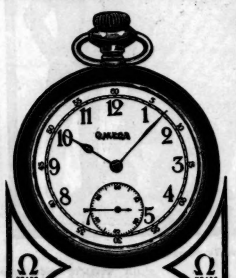

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

PENMAN—On Tuesday, April 20, 1909, at Lakeview Bungalow, 520 West Marion street, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Penman, a daughter.

GOODERHAM—At 23 North Sherbourne street, on Tuesday, April 20, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Gooderham, a son.

MORROW—On Tuesday, April 20, 1909, to the Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Morrow of 939 Bathurst street, a son.

BRICE—On Monday, April 19, at 80 St. George street, Toronto, the wife of Mr. A. J. Brice, Jr., of Montreal, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

LYNCH-BUTLER—On Thursday, April 15, 1909, at St. Bridget's church, Ottawa, by the Very Rev. Canon J. A. Sloan, Elizabeth Herchener Butler, elder daughter of M. I. Butler, Esq., Deputy Minister and Chief Engineer Department of Railways and Canals, to John George Brooks Lynch, M.D.C.M. (McGill), son of Dr. D. P. Lynch, Almonte, Ontario.

CORYELL-BILTON—At 166 Isabella street, on Wednesday, April 21, by the Rev. Francis H. Perry, D.D., Robert Stanfield Coryell, to Edna May, daughter of Thomas Bilton, all of Toronto.

DEATHS.

BOURNE—At Jarvis, Ont., Easter Sunday night, April 11, 1909, Emma Mary Bourne, beloved wife of C. E. Bourne, Esq.

DUGIT—Suddenly, in Woodstock, on Tuesday, April 20, T. J. E. Dugit, late Deputy Registrar County Oxford.

HEIGHINGTON—At his late residence, 107 Avenue road, on Wednesday, April 21, 1909, Joseph Heighington, Barrister-at-law, in his 61st year.

LESLIE—At her late residence, No. 174 Carlaw avenue, on Monday, 19th inst., Blanche Eleanor, wife of Lieut.-Col J. Knox Leslie.

APPS—At the residence of her parents, 38 Forest Hill road, Ada, daughter of William and Sarah Apps.

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Arthur Askem—How did you like Europe? Bertha Binthare—Not very well. Why, actually, every place we visited was overrun with foreigners. —Chicago Daily News.

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

statements of distinguished critics would seem to allow the play no small claim to attention. It will be presented here by a company of English actors, under the direction of Charles Frohman, who has duplicated the London production of the play. In the company are William Hawtrey, Nellie Thorne, Dallas Anderson, Dorothy Fraleigh (a Toronto girl, who makes her professional debut here in this piece), Ernest Stallard and Geo. M. Graham, who will be remembered as members of the English stock company; J. Harry Benrimo, Nellie Malcolm, Edgar Norton, and twenty-five others.

* * *

Lovers of the romantic in fiction and on the stage will be furnished a generous spread of their favorite pabulum at the Royal Alexandra next week, when "Beverley of Graustark" will hold the boards. As patrons of circulating libraries all know, this play is a dramatization of a novel of the same name by George Barr McCutcheon, whose popularity as a purveyor of a certain type of fiction makes glad the hearts of his publishers. In fact, so high did he rise in the list of "best sellers," that he has been put upon the stage for the delight of matinee girls; and they have shown their approval by spending their money generously for the pleasure of seeing their favorite hero and heroine in the flesh. The star in the coming production will be Miss Jessie Busley, who will be remembered in Toronto for her clever work in "The Bishop's Carriage." She is supported by a capable company, which includes Miss Edith Shayne.

* * *

At Shea's next week Paka's Hawaiian Trio will be the headliner, while Maurice Freeman and his company, presenting "Tony and the Stork," and Stuart Barnes, the monologist, will be special features. Other acts included in the bill are: Barry and Wolford, Reiff Brothers, Duffin Redcay Troupe, and the Zara-Carmen Trio.

* * *

The Rice and Barton Gayety Extravaganza Company will appear at the Gayety Theatre next week. The work of this aggregation of entertainers is well known to the lovers of that class of production, with whom Charles Barton is an old favorite. The performance will as usual consist of musical comedy and vaudeville.

* * *

THERE is a tendency in New York at present to build little theatres. Maxine Elliott's theatre is hardly more than an artistic bandbox, and now it is said that the Shuberts are about to build another of the same size next door to it. Concerning this tendency towards the small theatre, Metcalfe, the critic of Life, says that the effect of the little theatre on dramatic art is bound to be beneficial. Many plays of fair merit whose runs have to be stopped on account of the large fixed expenses of a large theatre might in a little theatre continue until they could be whipped into shape. Other plays that are frozen to death in big houses might be warmed into vitality by more compact audiences brought nearer the stage, so that good points would not be lost in space. More than this, vacant seats in a house exert an unconscious effect on the artists at work on the stage and a very conscious effect on the backers and producers in the front of the house. And the audiences in a full house catch the spirit of things more quickly than when the human magnetism is cut off by intervening spaces. The acting itself would be improved by inspection and criticism at close range. FIRST-NIGHTER.

"How many parts do you know well enough to play to-night if need be?" somebody once asked Coquelin, the great French actor, whose death was recently announced. He took a sheet of paper and wrote down the names of fifty-three plays of his repertoire. His friends laughed.

"You are boasting, surely, *mon ami?*" said the Viscount de Lovenjoul.

"You have every one of these plays in your library," said Coquelin, quietly. "Get them all out and put them on the table." The Viscount did so. "Now," said Coquelin, "let everybody select a cue from any one of these plays at haphazard and give it to me."

They tried him with sixteen plays out of fifty-three, and he never missed a single cue or made one mistake.

Westend—Let's go in here and have something to eat. Murrayhill—But I'm not hungry. Westend—You will be by the time the waiter brings the order.—New York Herald.

It's useless to try to drown your troubles in the cup. Troubles are expert swimmers!—Lippincott's.

A good many people who say they are up against it mean they are a long way from it.—Life.

The old sweet "tunes" of childhood days.
The songs we all sang together in the long ago.
The songs which Mother sang and we the chorus.
What would you not give to have the old songs back?

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A DOLL'S SHOE

(*Continued from page 9.*)

I have been," and he rested his head on his hand.

"I was poor, and—and he offered me a kind and loving home. I tried to be a devoted wife to him. But it wasn't for long. I suppose you heard of his death?"

"Yes—yes, I heard."

He still kept his head on his hand, and he spoke in muffled tones. Suddenly he looked up.

"Margaret—" he said, "is it too late?"

"Too late? What do you mean?"

He came over to her chair and stood beside her.

"Don't you understand? We are both free—and I have never ceased to love you. Won't you—can't you let me make up for the mistakes of the past?" and he threw himself down at her side and impulsively seized her hand.

But she looked into his eyes long and searchingly, and she shook her head with a wistful little smile.

"Too late, Richard—I fear it is too late. You have outgrown your love, and are only talking on impulse now. Things are best as they are. Sometimes I think it is well we quarrelled, as I fear we never would have been happy together. You see, our characters are so different, and—and you would expect too much."

"No, no—you mustn't say that, dearest, I would—"

"You would bully me frightfully, Dick," and she gently but firmly disengaged herself from the arm he had thrown about her shoulders. "See, you are bullying me even now."

He laughed bitterly.

"Well, I suppose I am making a fool of myself, but—I thought for a moment you might still care a little for me. I'll go now."

She winced at his tone.

"Don't—don't talk like that," she said. "I cannot let you go this way. Wait—please, wait—until I get a cup of tea for you!"

The suggestion sounded absurd, but anything to gain time. And before he could say a word she had slipped out of the room.

He threw himself dejectedly on a chair, but soon grew restless. What was the use of waiting? He might as well go now. He rose to do so, and as he did his eye fell on a funny little figure lying on the floor just at the doorway. It was Peggy's doll, which had been thrown there in the excitement of that young lady's arrival.

As he glanced at the out-stretched feet with the two tiny red shoes—Peggy had evidently found time to slip the missing one on—he suddenly felt that he must have them as souvenirs. He didn't know which was the one that had brought about this strange meeting, so he resolved to take them both. He would never see Peggy again, and her probable indignation did not frighten him. But he was resolved to take away with him these souvenirs of an incident so full of bitter and of sweet.

It was a romantic thought for a prosaic banker, and he carried it out with a precipitancy also most unbankerlike. Bending down to the doll, he snatched off the two little shoes, and before putting them in his pocket, raised them to his lips.

Just then the figure of Margaret appeared in the doorway. She had come back, fearing he would slip away from her—and in her heart she knew she could not let him go again. She saw his action, and at once realized its meaning. A wave of tenderness passed over her at the sight of his forlorn devotion, for she was a loving little woman—the kind that are born to be bullied, lovingly bullied. She gave a little exclamation, half laugh and half sob.

"Richard—Richard," she said, as he sprang to his feet in confusion, "don't take them both—leave one to me."

The Spring Term at The Model School of Music, Beverley street, has included several afternoon musicales and evening recitals. One piano recital was given by Miss Gladys Sutton, an advanced pupil of Miss Maud McLean, in which she played the following programme: Beethoven, "Sonata Op. 10, No. 1, Allegro, Adagio, Finale"; (a) Leschetizky, "Les Deux Alonetteo"; Chopin, "Nocturne Op. 9. No. 1"; (c) Schubert-Liszt, "Hark, Hark, the Lark"; Schubert-Heller, "On Wings of Song"; Grieg, "Lyrische Stucke Op. 43"; (a) "Butterfly," (b) "Solitary Traveller," (c) "Little Bird," (d) "Love Poem," (e) "To the Spring"; Chaminade, "Autumn." Assistance was given by Miss Susie Holden, vocal pupil of Mrs. Kennedy. A similar recital was given by Miss Lottie Bell Reynolds, also a pupil of Miss McLean. Miss Eva Wright, vocal pupil of Mrs. Leonora-James-Kennedy, assisted by singing Becker's "Spring Song" and "Where Roses Bloom," by Reichardt. Recitals and other programmes will be given each week during the Summer Term, which ends in June.

On the Links

A Writer Claims that Practically All Good Golf Stories Hinge on the Picturesque Use of Profanity.

MARK ALLERTON, writing on the humors of golf, in the London Weekly M. A. P., says:

Leaving out of account variations, redundancies, paraphrases, and embellishments, there are, roughly speaking, a baker's dozen of golf stories, and twelve of these rely for their effect on the humor of profanity. For it is an incontestable if melancholy fact that profanity is humorous; or, rather, its effect is humorous. It exposes the faults of man. It reveals him as the sport of the gods. His puny revilings against fate invite a comparison of the impotence of man in a bunker and the inexorable cruelty of the element of luck in the game. The situation is full of tragedy. Since, however, we must not weep, we laugh instead.

Punch has immortalized the golfer who invariably attracted a gallery to "hear" him play. This golfer was surely a Major or a Colonel. The profane golf story is usually about a Major or a Colonel. It has been suggested that the story concerning, say, a General, would be absolutely unprintable. For example, he must have been of very high rank who found himself at a big professional match in disapproval of the tactics of the crowd. "Confound this —— crowd!" he cried. "Just look at them! They're nearly all women and children! What the —— do they want to come here for? Why, —— it, man, a fellow can't even get a decent swear!" A sympathetic companion might have addressed him as a celebrated caddie remarked to the principal of a Scottish university who was in dire straits: "Noo, Preencipul, if an oath wad relieve ye dinna mind me."

It is told of Big Crawford that he silenced a prominent player, who was about to relieve his feelings, by saying "Swear not at all." If this be true, Big Crawford had not the reproachful indulgence of the caddie who described a player as "a verra fine, free gentleman, but whiles jist a wheen blaspheemerous."

The cloth, too, has contributed its share of "blaspheemerous" yarns. The clergyman who whenever he foozled a shot said vigorously, "Assouan," had a subtle way of cheating the gods that must be admired, for Assouan is the biggest dam in the world. Nor is the golf yarn any respecter of persons. The names of at least three famous St. Andrew divines are associated with the story of a clergyman who was being sought by a friend. A caddie, who was asked if he had seen Dr. So-and-so, replied, "Aye, he's doon in Hell, d—ning awa." Hell being the dreaded St. Andrew's bunker.

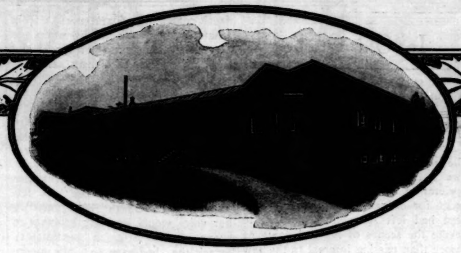
Against these affectionately libellous stories must be put the restraining influence of the clergy on the links. A three-ball match was in progress on one of our links, the players being two parsons and one of the crack golfers of the club. The last mentioned got into a bunker, and, try as he might, he could not get out. With marvellous self-control he kept on belaboring the ground. Thus, overcome by his emotions, he flung down his niblick. "How the devil do you expect me," he cried, "to get out of a bunker with a Congregational minister on one side of me and a Baptist minister on the other?" It should not be forgotten, however, that a swear with any other name is just as good; and there was something intensely profane in the remarks of the lady golfer who was heard to exclaim: "Oh! you naughty, *naughty*, little ball!"

A critic is a man who isn't satisfied to hit the nail on the head. He wants to hit the fellow who is driving the nail.—New York Times.

There is no older word in the English language than "star," for it is not only from the tongue of our earliest known ancestors, the Aryans, a united people many thousands of years ago, but it is an Aryan root that has been preserved to us through the ages that have no history excepting that which comes from a scientific study of the languages., says The New York Herald. None of our sister languages has preserved this root so much unchanged as has the English, though it is found in all of the family. The Dutch come nearly as close with their "ster" and the Old High German is a little further off with "sterro." The Anglo-Saxon has "steorra," the Sanskrit "stri," the Icelander "stjarna," the Latin "stella," and the Greek "astar." The other branches of the language have their "star" words nearly as close to the root, and they all use the word, not in the sense of brightness, but in the sense of strewn or spread, that which spreads out or dispenses, a star being a dispenser of light. When our ancestors had intelligence sufficient to thoughtfully observe the stars and began to be able to speak of them they used the word "star" as conveying the idea of a something which scatters light. From this same root has grown scores of words which contain the idea of scattering, dispensing, spreading out, and strewing. The careful reader of the dictionary will notice them in many places. "Straws" that "show which way the wind blows" are from the same root, because in the word is the idea of that which is scattered or strewn. "Strew" and "strewn" are among the many children of "star," and even such words as "consternation" and "street" come from it. The idea is in "consternation" through the Latin "consternere," to bestrew, throw down, prostrate. Consternation metaphorically throws you down and "street" conveys the same thought of something spread out, strewn with protecting substances or paved.

Author—Have you read my new book? Friend—Yes. "What do you think of it?" "Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart."—Chicago Daily News.

"I do miss Mrs. Jones. She told me all the news of the parish." "Oh, that was only gossip—no truth in it." "Well, there, I liked to 'ear it. Truth or lies, 'twas all news to me."—Punch.



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Will you assist in marketing a horde of bald-faced imitations of Magi Water by being the passive victims of the imposture?

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if you will not assist me to combat this substitution in the cause of fairness and as a means of conserving your own interests. Combat it by examining the label when you buy and being sure that you get MAGI Water every time you purchase. It is to your own interest from the standpoint of health alone to do this. You know what Magi Water is—you don't know what the others are.

We have spent much money and gigantic effort in building up a perfect bottling system for marketing Magi.

We have spent much money in building up a good business on Magi by advertising it.

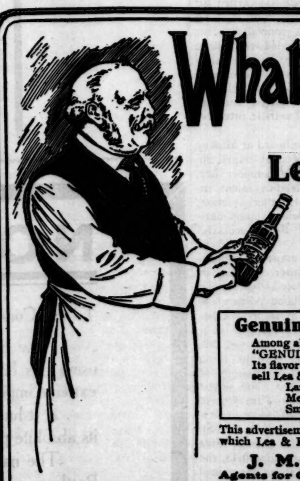
Honest dealers have spent their money in putting in stocks of Magi for the benefit of their customers.

Will you assist the moral forgeries of imitators of Magi by complacently and unthinkingly accepting their imitations to the detriment of yourself and those identified with bottling, advertising and selling genuine Magi Water any more than you would allow another to forge your name to a check?

I make this final appeal to the proverbial fair-mindedness of our Canada. May I not count on your co-operation?

C. A. Cole Manager
Caledonia Springs Co., Ltd.
Caledonia Springs, Ontario.

What the Grocers say, ABOUT Lea & Perrins' Sauce



Fraser, Viger & Co, Limited, of Montreal, have the reputation throughout Canada, of catering to the highest class of trade. This well known house also believes in telling their patrons about their best goods.

In an advertisement, which appeared in "The Montreal Daily Star" of February 13th., Fraser, Viger & Co., Limited thus call attention to the merits of "The Original and Genuine Worcestershire."

Genuine Worcestershire Sauce Lea & Perrins'

Among all the various Sauces that flood the market, Lea & Perrins', the "GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE," is still in the lead by a big margin. Its flavor is unique and most appetizing, different from all others. We sell Lea & Perrins' Genuine Worcestershire Sauce in three different sizes.

Large bottles.....$1.00 each
Medium bottles.....60 each
Small bottles.....35 each

This advertisement was unsolicited by us, and is a striking instance of the esteem in which Lea & Perrins' Sauce is held by the grocers, as well as by the consumers.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL
Agents for Canada. 20 Established 1857.

Flint & Kent

Fashionable Silks

Interesting Values.

Attention is directed to the following Silks, which will be of especial interest. They are chiefly the product of the best American Silk looms, and representing the better grades:

All Silk Pongees

"Rajah" Pongee, at $1.35

The well known and most desirable of Pongees, all the wanted shades in 26 inch silk.

Silk Pongee—Special at 75c.

Another well known make. This is shown in all the best street shades. Special 75c.

Silk Pongees at 50c.

An equally interesting showing of colors in a superior grade for 50c.

Black Satin Directoire—$1.25, $1.50, *Up to* $3.

All silk satins, 35 inch, in soft finish and high lustre.

White Satins—$1.50 *to* $3.

A beautiful showing of white satins and satin meteors—extra wide 36 and 44 inch for rich wedding gowns.

North aisle—rear

Handsome Dress Fabrics

For afternoon and evening gowns, and rich tailored costumes. Exclusive styles.

Silk Voiles for handsome afternoon and evening gowns, in all the new pastel evening and staple shades, $1.25.

Gray and tan Suitings for stylish street costumes, $1.50, $2.

Chiffon Broadcloth for dressy tailor costumes, in the new pastel colors, $2.

Cream Serge, variety of weights and different textures, from very fine Imperial twill to double twilled diagonals.

North aisle—front

Women's Dresses

Probably a better assortment of practical and fashionable dresses, suitable for street wear, than we have ever shown.

Foulard Silk Dresses—$18.50.

High neck models or with round Dutch collars.

Pongee Silk Dresses—$25, $35, $45.

Natural and various fashionable colorings. Reproductions and adaptations from Foreign styles.

New Suits at $25 and $35

A new assortment of women's tailored suits, and better values than heretofore shown this season.

Fashionable coat models. Prevailing shades of serge and novelty worsteds.

Second floor

Women's Waists

A particularly attractive showing of summer styles. Distinctively new effects in models and trimmings.

White Waists—$2.50, $3.50, $5.

Sheer lawn and batiste, inset with lace embroidery.

Lingerie Waists—$7.50, $10, $15.

Of crepon marquisette and fine batiste; Cluny, Valenciennes, Irish crochet lace trimmed, also hand embroidered effects.

"Flint & Kent" Tailored Waists.

White or colored Madras	$2.50	$3.50
Pure linen	$3.50	$5.00

Waists made expressly for us. The detail of finish, fit and laundry work is excellent.

Second floor

Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Requests for samples should state fabric, color preference and approximate price.

$5 purchases, Express paid, within 150 miles of Buffalo.

We refund railway fares in accordance with the regulations of the Retail Merchants' Board. Full details will be mailed upon request.

Flint & Kent

554-560 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

The Maple Sap is Running—

and we are now getting supplies from the Eastern Townships as well as the "Donlands" Syrup made within 7 miles of Toronto City Hall.

Purity is the keynote, we do not accept a bottle or a tin of Maple Syrup that we cannot offer with a guarantee of its purity.

Michie & Co., Ltd.

Grocers, etc.

7 KING ST. WEST

In Old Quebec

A Sketch of the Romantic Past and the Romantic Present.

THEY were squatted in one of the dungeons of Bigot's Palace that lie under the shadow of the north wall of the city. The whilom proprietor of the dungeons had been absent for over a century and a half, but had left sufficient reputation to make the scenes of his evil doing of more than passing interest to the few visitors among the thousands of visitors who really knew "their Quebec."

"Rum old place," said the man. "There were several pecks of trouble brewed on this historic site and the brewing," perching himself on a prehistoric cask, "seems to be going on under modern conditions."

"Please do not talk flippantly," said the girl seriously. "This is sacred ground. It is the only place in all Quebec which has the true atmosphere of other days."

"Vinous rather I should say and therefore historically accurate according to all accounts. It is merely a form of evolution or the potentiality of precedent? The site of the palace of Francis Bigot, the infamous intendant of New France of the days of Vaudreuil, or the last days of the ancient regime now a prosperous brewery, the vaults, the dungeons and the secret passages stored with ale and porter and the air redolent of the spirit of other days. Easy is the descent from the Dufferin Terrace in a winding staircase and an underground passage to Bigot. A most unpleasant sort of man the late Monsieur Bigot must have been, according to all accounts. I suppose La Fripone was in the courtyard outside and these vaults were used as storehouses of his peculations and hoardings, or as prison houses for people who adversely criticized his policy, which after all was the economic policy of New France that paved the way for its downfall. Small wonder that the generalship and soldierly spirit of Montcalm and the courage of the army could not withstand the onslaught of Wolfe when the resources of saving Quebec were exhausted by the villainous robbery and corruption of the master mind of the civil government.

"You are so practical," and there was a protesting note in the girlish voice. "In these prisons were not only the bags of grain wrung from the impoverished people, but the political and personal enemies of the all powerful Bigot, his rivals in love and his competitors for favor at the court of Versailles, while above in the luxurious chambers and salons of the palace his profligate associates danced, drank and gambled. The age of chivalry, of romance, has passed I know, but I did think that a Canadian would realize that the real story of the passing of Canada is told in the secret vaults of Bigot's Palace. These held the proceeds of his wholesale robberies and the victims of his insatiable greed and viciousness. Here is told the real story of the passing of Canada, of the supplementing of the Fleur-de-Lis by the Union Jack. The undermining of Bigot's Palace was the undermining of French dominance in North America.

"Well, what does it all prove? Merely that political human nature was not so very different in Canada in its beginning from what it is at the present time. There has been no one quite so bad as Bigot in Canada's history, but the men who fought at Chateauguay and Lundy's Lane and Paardeburg were probably animated by as high a courage and as great a love of country as the officers and men that faced each other on the Plains of Abraham on the September morning in 1759 when the complexion of Canada's flag was decided."

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The girl listened with evident impatience to the somewhat prosaic brushing aside of the romantic ideals that the events and her imagination had brought vividly before her mind and she rose quickly to her feet in the semi-darkness. There was a sharp clicking sound on the stone floor of the vaulted chamber. "What was that?" asked the man.

"It sounds like a twenty-five cent piece," and there was humorous sarcasm in her voice. "A coin not essentially different from the franc of the French regime; let us go."

That night as she sat by her mother's side on Dufferin Terrace, the centre of a throng of officers from the various camps, cavaliers and courtiers in the garb of other centuries and frock-coated acquaintances from Chateau Frontenac nearby when she placed her hand to her throat and with a little gasp of dismay, said:

"I have lost my locket."

There was a hurried search by the young men when the girl said quietly, "I remember hearing it fall," and the man who had been treated with cool indifference during the evening remembered where.

There was a look in the girl's face that showed that the loss was felt more keenly than the even tones of her voice would lead her listeners to suppose, and after a perfunctory search the badinage of the merry circle continued and the absence of the young man of the dungeons was unnoticed.

It was nearing midnight and at the door of the drawing room of the Chateau Frontenac a group of guests were bidding each other good night when "the man of the dungeons" came hastily along the corridor. "I have something to give you," he said to the girl who joined him as he walked further into the room. He handed her the lost locket.

"How very, very kind," she said. "You must have had a world of trouble at this time of night to have been able to explore the vaults of Bigot's Palace, or rather Boswell's brewery, and I said to-day that the days of courtesy and chivalry had passed. How can I thank you?"

"By granting an unchivalrous request. Let me see the face in the locket."

The girlish face grew very red. There was a slight hesitation and the fingers that sought the spring trembled and —— then he saw his own features of a few years before.

"Your sister gave it to me the year you graduated," and as his hand clasped the one that held the locket she whispered, "I don't believe the days of chivalry passed with the conquest."—Charles Lewis Shaw, in The Winnipeg Telegram.

LIEUT. ERNEST H. SHACKLETON

Of the British navy, who led the expedition and came within 97 miles of the South Pole.

Miss Edith Miller's Recital.

THE musical world of Canada is naturally interested in the return to her native soil of Edith Miller, after an absence of some few years, during which time she has risen to an eminent position in Europe, and returns fresh from her many triumphs in England, where she has earned for herself the envied reputation of being the leading concert contralto. Her personal beauty, combined with charm and grace of manner, is responsible to a large extent for her enormous popularity. Her voice is rich and clear, and of great range, with an easy production and artistic interpretative power.

Miss Miller will be heard at Massey Hall, Toronto, on Monday, April 26. She has engaged, to support her, some of England's leading talent, including Alfred Heather, tenor; Thorpe Bates, popular young baritone; and Maude Bell, successful 'cellist.

Miss Miller is the most distinguished singer which either Toronto or the West has produced. Quebec is responsible for Madame Albani and Madame Donalda. Born in Portage la Prairie, where her father was postmaster Edith Miller received her musical education in Toronto, being a graduate of the Conservatory of Music. She was for a time soloist at the Bloor street Presbyterian church, and subsequently went to New York as soloist at the fashionable St. Bartholomew's on Fifth avenue. Five years ago, seeking a wider field, she went to London, and there has gained herself a place in the forefront of English singers, sharing the primal contralto position with Clara Butt and Ada Crossley. Her hosts of friends and admirers will accord her a warm welcome here.

When you go shopping don't simply say "A pound of tea," because you can secure better tea, more delicious tea, if you only ask for "Salada."

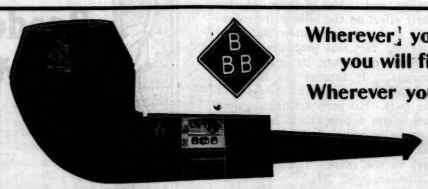
The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. W. G. Gooderham and Mr. W. R. Brock.

Waltz Dream

Ten Genuine little hand-made Havana Cigars in a box for **25 CENTS**

A. CLUBB & SONS, "Sole Distributors" **5 KING ST. WEST**

Gentlemen who desire a short smoke will appreciate these little matinees. They're regular 15 cent quality and something entirely new. Try a box the next time you are in the vicinity of King and Yonge.



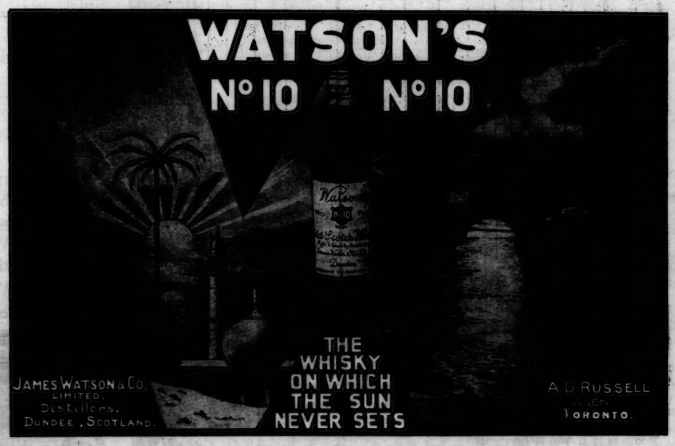
Wherever you find pipe smokers, you will find B.B.B. PIPES.

Wherever you find B.B.B. PIPES, you will find absolute satisfaction.

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

WATSON'S

N°10 N°10



BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

NOTICE No. 3

To the Consumer:—

How do you know if the Ale, Porter and Lager you are using has been Bottled properly? Very few people realize the extreme importance of scientific Bottling.

If it has not been Bottled in a Brewery, how can you rely on its absolute purity and uniformity? Think this over.

The name "Carling" is a guarantee of science and purity in Bottling as well as in Brewing, and all our products are BOTTLED ON OUR OWN PREMISES.

See that the name "Carling" is branded on every cork.

ASK YOUR DEALER **"WHERE IS IT BOTTLED?"**

CARLING'S ALE, PORTER & LAGER.